With the corrections & alterations of the Author. with additional notes.

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL,

Tranſlated into Engliſh Blank Verſe

BY WILLIAM MILLS.

————ὁ δ' ὄλβιος, ὅντινα Μοῦσαι
Φιλεῦνται· γλυκερὴ οἱ ἀπὸ στόματος ῥέει ἀυδή.

HESIOD. THEOG.

Happy the man, whom all the muſes love:
Sweet from his lips the honied accents flow!

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GEORGICS

OF

VIRGIL.

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THE

PREFACE.

HUSBANDRY, which is the ſubject of the following poem, will be allowed by all to be an uſeful ſcience; though it may be thought by ſome rather an unpromiſing ſubject for poetry. This however depends upon the manner in which it is treated; as is ſufficiently clear from the different ſucceſs of *Heſiod* and *Virgil:* whoſe reſpective poems exhibit the moſt ſtriking contraſt. The rules of the former are plain and unadorned, and conſequently dry and unentertaining; whilſt the precepts of the latter are diverſified with lively deſcriptions, apt ſimiles, pleaſing digreſſions, and every poetical ornament. *The precepts of Heſiod are delivered with all the ſimplicity of an unlettered* Among *cultivator of the fields, intermixed with plain moral reflections, natural & apposite; thoſe of Virgil, equally precise & important, are embelliſhed with all the majeſty of ſublime verſification.*

Among theſe, the autumnal ſtorm and prognoſtics of the weather in the Firſt Georgic; the praiſes of Italy, the pleaſing and beautiful deſcription of the ſpring, and the panegyric on a country life in the Second; the Scythian winter and the murrain among the cattle in the Third; and the old Corycian's little garden, with the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice in the Fourth; cannot be too much admired.

The ſimile of the nightingale in the Fourth Georgic will be read with pleaſure, as long as there remains the leaſt taſte for harmony of numbers, or juſtneſs of deſcription. The reader is ſeized as it were with a kind of enthuſiaſm, and cannot forbear crying out, in the language of one of Virgil's ſhepherds,

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine: quale per aeſtum
Dulcis aquae ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.

Such is to us thy poem, bard divine,
As sleep upon the graſs to weary hinds;
As through the summer from the bursting ſpring
To slake the raging thirst with water pure.

In

In ſhort, to point out all the beauties of the original would far exceed the bounds of a ſhort preface: and it is altogether unneceſſary, becauſe its excellence is generally known, and its reputation univerſally eſtabliſhed.

Mr. Addiſon in his *Eſſay on Virgil's Georgics* defines "a Georgic to be ſome part "of the ſcience of huſbandry put into a "pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the "beauties and embelliſhments of poetry;" and as ſuch, "that it addreſſes itſelf wholly "to the imagination: that it is altogether "converſant among the fields and woods, "and has the moſt delightful part of nature "for its province. That it raiſes in our "minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and "landſcapes, whilſt it teaches us; and "makes the drieſt of its precepts look like "a deſcription."

"The

" The Georgic," ſays the ſame admired writer, " has all the perfection that can be " expected in a poem written by the greateſt " poet in the flower of his age, when his " invention was ready, his imagination warm, " his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties " in their full vigour and maturity."

An attempt is here made to tranſlate this elegant and beautiful poem into Engliſh blank verſe. How far it has ſucceeded the public muſt determine. To that tribunal it is now ſubmitted: and as the tranſlator throws himſelf upon the mercy of the court, he flatters himſelf it will not be very ſevere in its determination. They, however, who reliſh moſt that ſuperior elegance, propriety, and expreſſiveneſs of diction, which diſcriminate the Georgics from all other poems, will make proper allowances for the peculiar difficulties of the preſent undertaking: they will

will be the beſt qualified to decide upon its merits, and the readieſt to pardon its errors.

The reader ſhall not be here detained with criticiſms on the original, or remarks on former tranſlations. No attempt will be made to bias his judgment in favour of the preſent. He is only requeſted, when he ſhall have peruſed it with attention, to form his own opinion of it with candour.

The tranſlator, having taken *Thomſon* and *Phillips* for his models, has borrowed a few lines from thoſe juſtly-admired poets: but as they are *very few*, and he acknowledges the loan, he hopes he may be allowed this liberty without incurring the heavy charge of plagiariſm.

It may be neceſſary juſt to obſerve, that in the following work the diphthong is omitted

omitted in the words, *Caeſar*, *Aetna*, *Maecenas*, and a few others, on the authority of *Dr. Johnſon*, who ſays, "that *ae* is ſometimes found in Latin words not completely naturaliſed or aſſimilated, but is no Engliſh diphthong, and is more properly expreſſed by ſingle *e*, as *Ceſar*, *Eneas*;" but in words of leſs frequent occurrence, the tranſlator has retained the diphthong, that he might not be thought to depart too much from common practice.

GEORGIC

GEORGIC

THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE *subject proposed. Inscribed to Mecenas. Invocation. The different culture of different soils according to their various nature. The origin of agriculture. The instruments used in husbandry delineated. The time for performing the several parts of the business of a farmer. An autumnal storm described. Annual rites to be performed to Ceres. Prognostics of the weather. Prodigies that preceded or followed the death of Julius Cesar: concluding with a prayer to the tutelar gods of Rome for the safety of Augustus and the Roman people.*

† Addison in his Essay on the Georgics asserts, that "Virgil, to "deviate from the common Form of Words, would not make "Use of tempore but sidere in his first Verse." Whereas "the "Farmers in those Days regulated their Ploughings and "Sowings by the Rising and Setting of certain Stars, as we "do by the Days of our Calendar Months." This is the Observation of Lord Monboddo, who proves also a proper Expression of Virgil's to have been then in common Use by a Quotation from Cicero de Oratore, where he says, lactas segetes etiam rustici dicunt, and "though the Expression among us "would be highly figurative, among the Romans it was a

GEORGIC

THE FIRST.

WHAT makes the fields rejoice, beneath what ſign †
The ſoil to turn, Mecenas, and to elms
'Tis fit to join the vines; what care the herds
Of oxen need, what flocks of ſheep require,
And how much ſkill to manage frugal bees;
Hence I'll begin to ſing. O of the world
Ye brighteſt lights, who lead the gliding year,
Bacchus and gracious Ceres, if we owe
To your indulgence that the fruitful earth
Has chang'd the acorn for the yellow ear,
And mix'd our watr'y cups with gen'rous wine;
And you, O rural deities, ye fawns

† "Simple and common Phraſes." See Monboddo, Pro. of the Origin and Progreſs of Language, Vol. 3. Page 40. in the Note.

Propitious to the ſwains, ye fawns approach
With the fair Dryads, for your gifts I ſing.
Thou too, for whom earth newly-form'd produc'd
Struck by thy trident huge the neighing horſe,
O Neptune: and † thou dweller in the woods,
Whoſe ſnow-white ſteers on Caea's buſhes browſe:
Thy own Arcadia's groves and foreſts leave,
O Pan, preſerver of the ſhepherd's flocks,
And, if to thee thy Maenalus be dear,
O with thy preſence kindly aid my ſong:
Thou too, Minerva, of the olive-tree
Inventreſs, (stage) and thou ‡ whoſe wiſdom form'd
The crooked plough, and taught the ſwains its uſe:
Holding the tender cypreſs by the root,
Sylvanus too attend. Be preſent all
Ye gods and goddeſſes, whoſe watchful care

† Ariſtaeus, the ſon of Apollo and Cyrene, is here meant: whoſe ſtory ſee in the Fourth Georgic.

‡ Triptolemus, the ſon of Celeus, who was taught the art of huſbandry by Ceres, was ſuppoſed to be the inventor of the plough.

Protects

Protects the fields, who conſtantly ſupply
The earth with ſeed to propagate its fruits,
And ſend from heav'n upon the grain when ſown
The copious ſhow'r. But chiefly thou, whom yet
What councils of the gods ſhall ſoon receive,
O Ceſar, is uncertain; whether thou
O'er cities wilt preſide, and take the charge
Of countries wide, that the whole ſpacious globe
Acknowledge thee of fruits the giver ſole
And ruler of the ſeaſons; binding round
Thy temples with thy mother's myrtle green.
Or ſhould'ſt thou chooſe the trident of the ſea,
Sailors ſhall then no other god adore,
E'en utmoſt Thule ſhall thy empire own,
And Tethys, goddeſs of the azure main,
With all her waves ſhall court thee for her ſon.
Or wilt thou add to the ſlow ſummer months
Another ſtar, and place thyſelf in heav'n
Between the Virgin and the Scorpion;
Who, though already he hath left thee room

More than ſufficient, ſtill contracts his claws?
Whatever thou wilt be (for neither hell
Can hope thee for its king, nor can ſo dire
A wiſh of reigning ſeize thee; though the Greeks
Th' Elyſian fields admire, and Proſerpine
Refuſe, when found, her mother to attend
And follow to the realms of upper air)
Grant me an eaſy courſe, and countenance
My bold attempt; with me commiſerate
Th' unletter'd ſwains unknowing of the way,
Begin thy reign, and be e'en now invok'd.

In the new ſpring, when from the ſnowy hills
The gelid water flows, and the moiſt glebe
Melts at the zephyr's touch; ev'n then my ſteer
Should with the plough depreſs'd begin to groan,
And with the furrow worn the ſhare grow bright.
That land at length fulfils the farmer's wiſh,
Which twice the ſun, and twice the cold hath felt:
His plenteous harveſts have burſt all his barns.

But ere we plough the plain as yet unknown,
Learn we the winds, and nature of the air,
And what the culture proper for the place:
What ev'ry region bears, and what it will refuſe.
Here riſes corn, more happy there the vine,
And trees and graſs elſewhere unbidden grow.
See how her ſaffron odours Tmolus ſends,
India her iv'ry, Araby perfumes:
But Spain ſends iron, Pontus produces
Caſtor, ſtrong-ſcented drug; Epirus breeds,
To gain the palms of Elis, gen'rous mares.
Nature impos'd theſe everlaſting laws
On certain places, when Deucalion
Firſt caſt forth ſtones o'er the unpeopled world.
Hence was mankind, a ſturdy race, reviv'd.

Let then your oxen turn the fruitful ſoil
In the firſt months of the quick-circling year:
And duſty ſummer bake the fallow glebe
With maturating ſuns. But if the land

Prove barren, then 'twill be ſufficient
Juſt when Arcturus riſes to imprint
A ſlender furrow: leſt the rank weeds there
Obſtruct the fertile corn; here leſt it make
The moiſture ſmall deſert the ſteril ſand.

Suffer the land to reſt each other year,
And, lying fallow, to recruit its ſtrength.
Or ſow at leaſt alternate crops of corn
There, whence before you've gather'd pulſe, or tares,
Or where the brittle ſtalks of bitter lupines grew.
For flax burns up the field, and ſo do oats,
And ſleepy poppies too. But if you ſow
Each year a diff'rent crop, the labour then
Is eaſy: by falſe ſhame miſled, bluſh not
To fertilize with dung the arid ſoil,
And ſcatter aſhes o'er th' exhauſted fields.
Thus reſts the ground with changing of the grain,
Nor is mean while no grace in land unplough'd.

'Twill profit oft to fire the barren fields
And the light ſtubble burn with crackling flames.
Either becauſe from thence the earth receives
Secret ſupplies of ſtrength and nouriſhment;
Or that each fault is purg'd out by the fire,
And from the ſoil the uſeleſs moiſture drain'd:
Or that this heat more paſſages unbinds
And ſecret pores, through which the kindly juice
To the new tender herbs may be convey'd:
Or hardens more, and ſhuts the gaping veins,
Leſt drizzling rains deſcend, or of the ſun
The potent rays, or penetrating cold
Of wintry Boreas ſhould * ſcorch the ground.

Who

* The application of this expreſſion to cold is juſtified by the writings of the philoſophers. Ariſtotle ſays, that cold is accidentally an active body, and is ſometimes ſaid to burn and warm, not in the ſame manner as heat, but becauſe it condenſes or conſtrains the heat by ſurrounding it. Experience likewiſe confirms the judgment of the poet. Milton has a paſſage ſimilar to this,

——————— The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.

Parad. Loſt. Book II. L. 594, 595.

Who breaks with heavy rakes the crumbling clods,
And over them his wicker harrows drags,
Greatly improves the land; nor Ceres' ſelf
In vain beholds him from Olympus high:
And he who through the furrows breaks again,
To level ridges he before had rais'd,
With plough obliquely turn'd, and thus commands
With frequent exerciſe the ſtubborn ground.

Pray, farmers, that the ſummers may be moiſt,
The winters dry: with winter's duſt the corn
Is moſt abundant, and the fields rejoice.
Hence Myſia boaſts and Gargara admires
Their plenteous crops that know no other cauſe.
What ſhall I ſay of him, who haſtes to break,
Soon as the ſeed is ſown, th' adhering clods,
To cover and ſecure it from the cold?

There is alſo a very remarkable paſſage to our purpoſe in Eccleſiaſticus, chap. 43. v. 20, 21. "When the cold north-wind bloweth,——it devoureth "the mountains, and burneth the wilderneſs, and conſumeth the graſs as "fire."

Then

Then on the grain brings in the running ſtreams:
And when the burnt-up field with with'ring graſs
Grows languid, he from the lofty ſummit
Of the ſteep mountain draws the water down;
Which falling thence o'er the ſmooth ſtones excites
A murmur hoarſe, and with its bubbling rills
Refreſhes the parch'd herbs and thirſty plain:
And leſt the ſtem ſhould bend beneath the weight
Of heavy ears, ſends in the nibbling flock
To check the fertile corn's luxuriant growth
Whilſt yet 'tis tender, and the verdant blade
Juſt ſhoots above the furrows: then he drains
Collected water from the thirſty ſand,
Chief in th' uncertain months when ſwoln with rain
The river overflows, and wide around
Covers the meadows o'er with ſordid mud:
Whence with warm dampneſs hollow ditches ſweat.

Nor are theſe all (though all theſe toils await
Both ſwains and ſteers in tilling of the ground)

The gooſe malignant, and Strymonian cranes,
And ſpreading ſuccory with bitter roots,
Are hurtful to the corn, and ſo is ſhade.
The univerſal parent ſo decreed,
That cultivating of the earth ſhould be
Attended with inceſſant toil, he firſt
Turn'd up the ſoil by art, whetting with cares
The human breaſt: nor ſuffer'd he his realms
To pine in ſloth and torpid idleneſs.

Before the reign of Jove no ploughman tam'd
The ſtubborn ſoil: nor was it lawful then
To mark the field, or aſcertain its bounds:
Men fed in common, and the earth herſelf
Did freely all things, without toil, produce.
Jove added poiſon to the ſerpent's brood:
He cauſed the wolves to roam the woods for prey,
And the wide ocean to be mov'd with ſtorms:
He ſhook the honey from the waving leaves,
Remov'd the fire, and ſtopt the wine that flow'd

In ev'ry river: that experience ſage
Might ſtrike out various arts for human uſe
By ſlow degrees, and ſeek the foodful corn
Within the furrows that receiv'd the ſeed,
And from the veins of flint ſtrike forth the hidden fire.
Then rivers firſt did hollow'd alders bear,
And ſeamen nam'd and number'd all the ſtars,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the lucid Bear.
Then beaſts were caught with ſnares, and birds with lime,
And dogs ſurrounded woods and foreſt glades.
In the deep river ſome caſt meſhy nets,
And from the ſea ſome drew their humid lines.
Then iron acquir'd its hardneſs, and the blade
Of grating ſaws was form'd; for men at firſt
With wedges cleft the fiſſile wood in twain.
Then were diſcover'd various other arts.
Inceſſant labour all things overcame,
And preſſing want each difficulty ſmooth'd.

Ceres firſt taught mankind with iron ſhare
To plough the earth; when acorns and wild fruits
Fail'd in Dodona's wood, and ſacred oaks
Deny'd them wonted food. The peaſant's toil
Was ſoon increas'd: the clammy mildew ate
The blighted corn, and uſeleſs in the fields
The thiſtle nodded: yellow harveſts die,
And nettles, burs, and brambles fill their place,
Whilſt o'er the furrows of the cultur'd lands
Darnel and ſteril oats extend their ſway.
So that unleſs aſſiduouſly you break
The ſoil with rakes, and fright away the birds,
And check the boughs that too much ſhade your land,
And pray for timely rain: in vain alas!
Your neighbour's plenty you may then behold,
And ſatisfy your hunger in the woods
By ſhaking of the oak. Now muſt be told
What inſtruments the hardy peaſants uſe:
Without which neither can the grain be ſown,
Nor can the harveſts riſe. Firſt then the ſhare,

And heavy ſubſtance of the crooked plough,
And Ceres' carts that ſlowly roll along,
And flails, and ſleds, and very pond'rous rakes:
Beſides cheap implements of oſier made,
Hurdles of twigs, and Bacchus' myſtic van:
All which, with timely caution, long before
Remember to provide; if you regard
~~The real glory of the rural life.~~
The glory due to Husbandry divine.

Chooſe a young elm, and bend it in the woods
With mighty force, that it may form the tail,
And take the figure of the crooked plough.
To this be join'd a beam of eight feet long,
Two ears †, and dentals ‡ with a double back.
Fell the ſmooth linden, and the lofty beech,
This for the yoke, and that the handle, which
May turn the bottom of the plough behind:
And let the wood be ſeaſon'd in the ſmoke.

† The earth-boards. ‡ The ſhare-beams.

Many

Many the precepts I could here recite
Of ancient ſwains, if the minute detail
Prove not diſpleaſing and your patience tire.
Chief let the ſurface of your threſhing floor
Be level'd with a heavy cylinder,
Turn'd with your hand, and render'd firm with chalk:
Leſt weeds ariſe, or leſt the ground too dry
Break into cracks: then various peſts abound.
The little mouſe has often built its barns
And habitation underneath the earth:
Or eyeleſs * moles dug up the crumbling ſoil:
And oft in cavities the toad is found,
With many other vermine, which the earth
Brings forth: the weevil too that waſtes the corn,
And ant that fears and that provides for age.

* The ancients, particularly Ariſtotle and Pliny, were of opinion, that the mole has no ſight: but it has ſince been diſcovered by the moſt accurate diſſections, that this little animal has eyes admirably adapted to its peculiar circumſtances. See Derham's Phyſico-Theology, pages 92 & 93.

Take

Take notice alſo, when the almond trees,
With bloſſoms clothed, ſhall bend their od'rous boughs,
And fill the woods with fragrance; if the bloom
Surpaſs the leaves, ſo will the harveſt prove,
Great plenty with great heat will then enſue:
But if a luxury of leaves appear,
The ſwain ſhall threſh the empty ſheaves in vain.
Some farmers I have ſeen who ſteep their ſeeds
In nitre firſt and the black lees of oil;
That larger grain might fill the flatt'ring huſks:
~~And~~ Though they've been ~~prepar'd with gentle fires~~ moiſten'd o'er a gentle fire,
~~Though chosen long, and view'd with greatest care~~ long chosen, and with nice observance view'd,
Yet have I known them to degenerate;
Unleſs th' induſtrious ſwain each year ~~ſelect~~ pick'd out
The biggeſt grains: ſo by the force of fate
All things run retrograde, and ſtill grow worſe.
As when againſt the ſtream the boatman toils,
And with his oars can ſcarcely ſtem the tide;
If haply he his arms awhile has ſlack'd,
At once the boat drives rapid down the flood.

† one by one.

Beſides we farmers ſhould as much obſerve
Arcturus' ſtars, the Kids, and lucid Snake,
As they, who, ſailing home through ſtormy ſeas,
Venture the tempeſts of the Helleſpont,
And of Abydos' oyſter-breeding ſtraits.
When Libra ſhall have made the days and nights
Of equal length, and now divides the world
'Twixt light and darkneſs, exerciſe your ſteers;
Sow barley in the fields, e'en to the laſt
Of boiſt'rous winter's penetrating ſhow'rs.
Then alſo is the proper time to ſow
Linſeed and poppies, and lean o'er the plough;
Whilſt yet the ground is dry, ere yet the rains deſcend.
In ſpring ſow beans: the putrid furrows then
Receive the clover, and the annual care
Of millet then returns, with golden horns
When the White Bull† opens the genial year,
And Sirius ſetting our horizon quits.

But

† The Sun once opened the Year in the Conſtellation of the Bull, or Taurus. See Maurice's Indian Antiq.: vol. 6. p. 206.

But if you cultivate your land for corn,
And wheaten harveſts be your only care;
Let the Atlantides be firſt withdrawn,
And Ariadne's ſhining crown depart;
Ere to the furrows you commit the ſeeds,
And ere you haſte to the unwilling earth
To truſt the hope of the enſuing year.
Many a farmer has begun to ſow
Before the ſetting of the Pleiades:
But the expected crop with empty huſks
Deceiv'd them. If you ſow pulſe, or vetches,
Nor think that lentils are below your care;
Signs not obſcure Boötes will afford,
When with the ſun he leaves the weſtern ſky.
Let your firſt ſowing at that time begin,
And thence extend it to midwinter's froſts.
For this, through twelve bright ſigns, the golden ſun
Paſſes, and rules the climates of the globe.
Five zones encompaſs heav'n: one always red
With the refulgent ſun, and torrid with its heat:

Round which to right and left th' extremes are ſtretch'd,
Stiff with cerulean ice, and black with ſhow'rs.
Between the middle one and theſe are two
By the gods' bounty to frail mortals giv'n;
And between both a way is cut, in which
With courſe oblique the heav'nly ſigns revolve.
Tow'rds the Riphean mountains as the world
Riſes ſublime; it ſinks towards the ſouth.
This pole to us is ever rais'd; but that
Below their feet th' infernal ghoſts behold.
The mighty Dragon here around the pole
Rolls, like a winding ſtream, between the Bears:
The Bears that fear to plunge beneath the wave.
There, as they ſay, † ~~reigns everlaſting~~ silent night, keeps her silent court
And thickeſt darkneſs is ſpread over all:
Or that Aurora, when ſhe goes from us,
To them reſtores the day: and when the eaſt
Has firſt breathed on us with his panting ſteeds,
Then ruddy Veſper lights their evening ſtars.
Hence from a doubtful ſky we can foretel

The

† night keeps her silent court,

In the original
313. Intempesta silet nox. This Epithet is repeated Eneid 3. 587. upon which
Servius says, nox intempesta, id est, media, which may here be rendered,
When all is still and silent as in the Middle of the Night.

Impending Storms: hence when to reap and sow:
~~The seasons: hence the time to reap and sow:~~
And when with oars t' impel the faithleſs deep
Is moſt convenient; when to ſend to ſea
The armed fleets; or timely in the woods
To fell the lofty pine. Nor we in vain
The riſe and ſetting of the ſtars regard,
And ~~Nor~~ the four diffrent seasons ~~equal quarters~~ of the year.
When the cold ſleet and wintry rain confine
The farmer to his houſe, then is the time
That many needful things ſhould be prepar'd,
Which when the ſky's ſerene muſt elſe be done
In too much haſte: the ſhare's hard blunted edge
The ploughman whets, and hollows trees for troughs:
Or marks the cattle, or a number puts
Upon the ſacks of corn that fill his barns.
Some ſharpen ſtakes and point their two-prong'd forks,
And willow twigs prepare to tie the flexile vine.
Now weave light wicker baſkets, parch your corn,
And grind it into flour with heavy ſtones.
The laws permit ſome works to be perform'd

On holidays: religion never doth forbid
To drain the flooded land, to hedge the field,
To burn the brambles, and to ſnare the birds,
And plunge the bleating flock in healthful ſtreams.
Oft to a neighb'ring town the farmer drives,
With oil or apples loaded, the ſlow aſs,
And thence returning brings a millſtone home,
Or a black maſs of viſcous pitch provides.

The Moon herſelf does various days afford
For labour happy in her monthly round.
Avoid the fifth: pale Pluto then was born,
And the three furies; then the earth produc'd
Coeus, Typhoeus, and Iäpetus,
The giant brothers, who conſpir'd t' invade
Heav'n's lofty tow'rs and diſinthrone its king.
Thrice they on Pelion Oſſa ſtrove to place,
And cover Oſſa with th' incumbent weight
Of blue Olympus' hill with foreſts crown'd:
Thrice Jove with red-hot thunder-bolts o'erthrew

The

The pil'd up mountains menacing the ſkies.
The ſeventh, next the tenth, oft lucky proves,
To plant the gen'rous vine, the ſteers to yoke,
And fix threads to the loom: the ninth is beſt
To go a journey, but to thefts averſe.
Better do many things ſucceed at night:
Or when the morn ſprinkles the earth with dew,
And in the eaſt the riſing ſun appears.
At night the ſtubble and the arid meads
Are better mown: then moiſture moſt abounds.
Some by the gloomy light of winter fires
To ſharpen torches ſit up all night long.
Whilſt, at the labour of the loom employ'd,
The wife with ſongs beguiles the tedious hours,
Or of ſweet muſt the liquor boils away,
And ſcums ~~the boiling pot with wither'd leaves~~ *with leaves the trembling kettle's wave.*
But in the middle of the day 'tis beſt
To cut the yellow corn, and threſh it too.
Plough naked, farmer, naked ſow the grain,
Winter 's to the ſwains an idle ſeaſon:

Then

Then they enjoy the produce of their toil,
And mirth and mutual feaſts their thoughts engroſs:
Winter the genial period of the year
Invites to pleaſure, and their cares removes.
As when the loaded veſſels touch the port,
The joyful ſailors crown the poop with flow'rs.
Yet then to gather acorns is the time,
And laurel * berries, myrtle's bloody fruit,
And olives green: then to fix traps for cranes,
And nets for ſtags in foreſt glades to place,
And hunt the fearful hare; then from afar
With *Balearic* ſling to kill the deer:
When ſnow lies deep upon the frozen ground,
And down the rivers floats the ruſtling ice.

The ſtorms and ſtars of autumn ſhall I tell?
And what the careful farmer ſhould provide

* According to Mr. Martyn, the *laurus* of the ancients is our bay-tree. See his Tranſlation of Virgil's Georgics, page 83, Octavo Edit.

When
The Rev. Mr. Jones thinks there is little or no doubt, that the bay-tree is the *laurus* of the ancients; the inflammability of which is so particularly mentioned by Lucretius,

Nec res ulla magis quam Phabi Delphica laurus
Terribili sonitu flamma crepitante crematur.)

See Physiolog. Disquisitions, p. 126.

When days decreaſe and ſummer grows more mild?
Or when the ſhow'ry ſpring comes ruſhing down:
When now the bearded corn ſhakes in the fields,
And the green ſtalk when ſwells the milky grain?
Oft when the farmer was about to ſend
Into the yellow fields the ſickled ſwain,
And bind the barley ſheaves with brittle ſtraw,
I've ſeen the warring winds in battle join;
Which the ripe corn have whirl'd aloft in air
Torn from its deepeſt roots; with ſo much force
The wintry ſtorm has blown: and wide diſpers'd
The flying ſtubble and the vacant chaff.
~~And oft times too~~ *Oft too from Heav'n* a mighty burſt of rain
Deſcends ~~from heaven~~ *precipitate*, when, with black ſhow'rs,
The clouds, collected from the briny deep,
Weave the foul tempeſt. Ether ruſhes down,
And with continued rain the fertile corn,
And all the various labours of the ox
Waſhes away: the ditches ſoon are fill'd,
With loud tumultuous roar the rivers ſwell,

And heated ſea foams through the narrow ſtraits.
Jove, in the thickeſt darkneſs of the ſtorm,
With red right hand the forky lightning darts:
Earth to its centre trembles at the ſhock
Of jarring elements: the beaſts are fled:
Through all the nations humble fear has ſunk
The hearts of men: he with a flaming bolt
Strikes Rhodope, or lofty Athos' top,
Or high Ceraunia: the winds increaſe,
And heavieſt ſhow'rs of rain inceſſant pour:
Now with the potent blaſt the woods refound,
And now the ſhores with daſhing billows roar.

In fear of this, heav'n's monthly ſigns obſerve:
Where the frigid ſtar of Saturn harbours,
And what the orbit Mercury deſcribes.
Firſt to the gods be due devotion paid,
And annual rites and ſacrifice perform'd
To mighty Ceres on the fertile graſs,
When winter's gone, and pleaſing ſpring appears.

Then lambs are fat, and wines are ſmootheſt then,
Then ſleep is ſweet, and on the mountain's brow
The ſpreading foliage yields a cool retreat.
Let Ceres all thy ruſtic youth adore:
For whom do thou with milk and wine dilute
Honey, and round the harveſt of new corn
Let the propitious victim thrice be led,
Which let the ſhouting company attend,
And with loud voice call Ceres to their barns:
Nor to the ripen'd ears let any one preſume
To put the ſickle, 'till with oaken crown
He bind his temples, and to Ceres' praiſe
Sing verſes, and with uncooth motion dance.

And that we may diſcern by certain ſigns *
Both heat and rain and winds that bring the cold:
Jove did himſelf decree what in each month
The moon ſhould indicate, by what to know
When ſtormy winds ſhall ceaſe, what often ſeen
The farmer may induce to keep the herds

* The Scripture teaches us, that the Sun and the Moon were made for Signs. They foreſhew us by their Motions, Appearances, and Places in the Heavens, what is to be expected by Sea and Land in the Courſe of the Weather; a Matter of ſo great Importance to the neceſſary

Nearer the ſtalls. Soon as the winds ariſe
Either the ocean's agitated ſurge
Begins to ſwell, and from the lofty hills
A ſudden craſh is heard: or the reſounding ſhore
Begins to feel the fury of the ſtorm,
And leafy woods their murmur to augment.
Scarce from the ſhips can then the wave refrain,
When from the middle of the troubled deep
The ſcreaming cormorants fly back to land,
And when the coots upon the dry ſand play:
When with loud ſhrieks the well-known pools the hern
Forſakes, and ſoars above the lofty clouds.
Oft too the ſtars, preſaging wind, you'll ſee
Fall prone from heav'n, and through the gloom of night
Behind them trail long tracts of whit'ning flames;
Oft chaff and falling leaves in eddies fly,
Or on the water floating feathers dance.
But from the north when the dread thunder rolls,
And eaſt and weſt join the tremendous roar,
Then with full ditches all the country ſwims,

neceſſary Buſineſs and Welfare of Mankind, that divine And
Providence may well be ſuppoſed to have given us proper
Signals in the Heavens from the Beginning of the World.
See Jones's Phyſiol. Diſquiſitions. pp. 590. 591.

And every ſailor on the ſtormy ſea
Furls his wet ſails. Rain never yet
Hurt the unwary.† Either from the vales
Th' aërial cranes, foreſeeing, fly the ſhow'r,
Or with broad noſtrils to the ſky upturn'd
The heifer ſnuffs the gale, and round the lake
The twitt'ring ſwallow flies, and in the mud
The croak ng frogs renew their ancient plaint.
And oft the ant, digging a narrow path, wearing
Out of her little caverns brings her eggs:
The mighty bow celeſtial drinks the flood:
And leaving food a num'rous flock of crows
With ſounding pinions ruſtle through the air.
~~Then you'll ſee~~ The various kinds of ſea-fowl, then you'll see,
That haunt the Aſian meads in ſearch of food,
And ſilver ſwans that ſwim Caÿſter's ſtream,
Sprinkle much water on their ſnowy backs,
Now dive beneath, now run along the waves,
And ſtrive in vain to waſh their ſhining plumes.
Then with hoarſe voice the crow demands the rain,

And

† Because the Signs are ſo many and ſo plain, they muſt have forced themſelves upon the moſt inattentive obſerver. These (prognoſtics of the weather) ſays the rev. Mr. Jones in his

And all alone expatiates on the ſand.
The virgins too, when at their nightly taſk
They draw the flaxen thread, foreſee the ſhow'r,
When the oil ſparkles in the burning lamp,
And putrid bubbles riſe. So after rain
You may foreſee, and by ſure ſigns foretel
Fair weather and ſerene. For then the ſtars
Shine not with rays obtuſe, nor does the moon
Appear to riſe with luſtre not her own,
Nor are light fleeces wafted through the air.
Thetis' beloved birds the kings-fiſhers
Expand not to the ſun their painted wings,
And ſwine unclean forget to toſs about
With their broad ſnouts handfuls of ſcatter'd ſtraw.
Then more the clouds the lowly vallies ſeek,
And in the meads ſubſide. The lonely owl
From the high tow'r the ſetting ſun obſerves,
Nor plies her wailing, melancholy ſong.
Aloft in air the injur'd Niſus * flies

* The Falcon.

And

his Physiological Disquisitions, p. 605, are so many, that Virgil was bold enough to affirm, no shower ever did damage to any man without giving him proper warning. This may be true in general; and probably more true in the climates of Italy, where Virgil wrote and made his Observations.

And Scylla* ſuffers for the purple lock.
Where with her wings ſhe, flying, cuts the air,
Behold with mighty noiſe her cruel foe
Niſus purſues her: where-e'er Niſus moves,
She, flying, cuts the light air with her wings.
From their preſs'd throats then thrice or more the crows
Utter clear ſounds; and in their high abodes,
Seiz'd with I know not what unuſual joy,
Among themſelves oft ſhake the ruſtling leaves:
Pleas'd they reviſit, when the rains are o'er,
Their little offspring and their grateful neſts.
Not that indeed I think from heav'n to them
Is given reaſon, or a ſenſe of things
By fate ſuperior: but when the ſtorm
The temperature of heav'n has chang'd, and when
And when, made humid by the ſouthern gales,
The air condenſes what before was light
And what was denſe before it rarifies;

* The Lark.

The

Chang'd are th' ideas of their minds,
~~The ſpecies of their minds are turn'd,~~ and now
Far other motions ſtir their breaſts than thoſe
Which mov'd them whilſt the wind diſturb'd the clouds:
Hence is this concert of the birds, and hence
Are cattle joyful, and exulting crows.

But if the ſun and the ſequacious moons
In order you regard, the morrow then
Will ne'er deceive you, nor will you be caught
By the deluſion of a ſtarry night.
When firſt returning light the moon collects,
If the black air obſcure her pallid horn,
Much rain will fall both on the ſea and land.
But if a virgin bluſh her face o'erſpread,
There will be wind: with wind ſhe's always red.
If the fourth day (for 'tis the ſureſt ſign)
She riſes clear, and not with blunted horns,
Then ~~All~~ that whole day, and thoſe which follow it,
During the month entire, will be quite free
From rain and wind: and ſailors ſafe on ſhore

To

To diff'rent ſea gods pay their grateful vows,
To Glaucus, Panope, and Ino's * ſon.
The ſun too when he gilds the eaſtern ſky,
And when he hides himſelf beneath the waves,
Will give you ſigns: him ſureſt ſigns attend,
Both thoſe he in the morn affords, and thoſe
He gives at eve when riſing ſtars appear.
If his firſt riſing be with clouds obſcur'd,
And various ſpots upon his orb be ſeen,
Suſpect a ſhow'ry day: for from the deep
Blows the ſouth-wind, to cattle and to corn
And to the trees deſtructive. When at dawn
Through the thick clouds break ſep'rate rays of light,
Or when Aurora riſes pale and leaves
Tithonus' ſaffron bed, alas! but ill
The vine-leaf then defends the ripening grapes,
Such horrid hail comes rattling on the roofs.
Much will it profit to obſerve the ſun

* Melicerta.

When his departing rays have meaſur'd heav'n:
For various colours wand'ring o'er his face
We often ſee. Azure denounces rain,
And fiery wind: but if the ſpots begin
To mix with ruddy fire, then ev'ry place
Alike with wind and rain you'll ſee diſturb'd.
No one in ſuch a night ſhall me perſuade
To venture on the ſea, or anchor weigh.
But if when he reſtores and ſhuts the day,
His orb be bright, vain are your fears of rain,
You'll ſee the woods by the clear north-wind mov'd.
Laſtly, the ſun will give you certain ſigns,
What Veſper late portends, what wind diſpels
The gather'd clouds and clears the darken'd ſky,
And what hard rain projects the humid ſouth.

Who to pronounce the ſun deceitful dares?
He often warns when ſecret miſchiefs threat,
Treaſons and fraud and dreadful civil wars.
Rome too he pity'd, when, her Ceſar ſlain,

In clouds ferruginous he veil'd his head,
And night eternal impious mortals fear'd.
Though at that time the earth too and the ſea,
And dogs obſcene, and birds with omens ill
Afforded ſigns. How often have we ſeen
Etna diſgorging from its ruptur'd top
O'er the Sicilian fields huge globes of flames,
And toſs aloft fragments of molten rocks?
Through the whole air in Germany was heard
The ſound of arms, and with unuſual ſhocks
Trembled the Alps. Then too was frequent heard
A mighty voice throughout the ſilent groves,
And ſpectres wond'rous pale were ſeen at night:
And, dreadful to relate, the cattle ſpoke,
The rivers ſtopt their courſe, the earth diſclos'd
Her dark abyſs, and mournful ivory
In temples wept, and ſweat ran down the braſs.
Eridanus, the mighty king of floods,
Pour'd through the foreſts with reſiſtleſs ſway,
And from the fields, in raging whirlpools toſt,

Swept herds and ſtalls away: nor at that time
In the ſaid entrails of the victims ſlain
Fail'd all the threat'ning fibres to appear;
Nor ceas'd the guſhing blood from wells to flow,
Nor cities loudly to reſound at night
With howling wolves: ſuch dreadful light'ning ne'er
Fell from a ſky ſerene, nor e'er ſo oft
With fiery glare were burning comets ſeen.
The Roman armies therefore with like arms
Againſt themſelves Philippi's fields have ſeen
Once more in battle join: and heav'n diſpleas'd
~~Emathia and the wide plains of Hemus~~ *Emathia's ſoil and Hemus' fertile plains*
Permitted twice to fatten with our blood.
The time will come when in thoſe lands the ſwain,
Turning the ground up with the crooked plough,
Jav'lins corroded with rough ruſt ſhall find,
Or ſtrike with heavy rakes 'gainſt empty helms,
And large bones dug from ſepulchres admire.

O ye

O ye propitious pow'rs, my country's gods,
Both Romulus and Veſta, who preſerve
Etruſcan Tiber and the Roman tow'rs,
Suffer this youth * to ſave a falling world:
Enough already has our blood been ſhed
To expiate the crimes of perjur'd Troy.
Already, Ceſar, heav'n's imperial court
Envies us thee, and much complains that thou
Art pleas'd with mortal triumphs here below,
Where right and wrong's confounded, bloody wars
So frequent happen, wickedneſs aſſumes
So many forms, to agriculture's giv'n
None of the honour due, the huſbandmen
Convey'd away, the lands untill'd lie waſte,
And crooked ſickles forge the cruel ſword.
Euphrates here, on that ſide Germany
Prepares for war: treaties between them broke,
Againſt each other neighb'ring towns take arms:

* Auguſtus Ceſar.

Mars madly rages over all the globe.
Thus from the lists when pour the chariots forth,
They whirl along the course; the charioteer
Vainly pulls in the reins, his foaming steeds
Hurry him on, nor whip, nor curb regard.

GEORGIC

THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION to Bacchus on propoſing the ſubject. Enumeration of all the methods of producing trees, as well by nature as art. Allegorical addreſs to Mecenas. The various ſpecies of trees and how each is to be treated. Of grafting and inoculating. In what places trees thrive moſt. Several trees of the eaſtern climates deſcribed, particularly the citron-tree. Digreſſion in praiſe of Italy. The art of diſcovering the nature of each ſoil. The culture of the vine, the olive, and ſome other trees. Among which directions is introduced a beautiful deſcription of the ſpring. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a country life.

GEORGIC

THE SECOND.

THUS far of tillage, and the ſtars of heav'n:
Now thee, O Bacchus, will I ſing; with thee
The foreſt trees ſhall alſo be my theme,
And the fat olive tardy in its growth.

Hither, O father Bacchus; here replete
With thy own gifts is ev'ry place, for thee
Loaded with cluſt'ring autumn ſmiles the field,
For thee with flowing vats the vintage froths.
Come, O Lenaeus, put thy buſkins off,
And tinge with me thy naked legs with muſt.

Nature is various in producing trees:
For ſome, without the aid of human art,
Ariſe ſpontaneous, and wide around
Inveſt the verdant fields and winding ſtreams:
The tender oſier, and the pliant broom *,
The poplar, and the willow with its leaf
Of hoary blueiſh-green hung o'er the brook.
Some ariſe from ſeed, as the high cheſnut,
With leaves of largeſt growth the maſt-tree tall †,
And, thought by Greece an oracle, the oak.
A wood of thickeſt branches from the root
Shoots forth to others: as cherries, and elms:
The ſmall Parnaſſian laurel too beneath
Its mother's mighty ſhade itſelf erects.
Theſe diff'rent methods nature firſt preſcrib'd:
By theſe does ev'ry kind of trees and ſhrubs,
And ev'ry ſacred grove look green and grow.

* What we call Spaniſh Broom anſwers this deſcription, ~~and~~ which grows in great plenty in moſt parts of Italy; and is also common in our Gardens in England.

† Mr. Martyn thinks the *Eſculus*, here tranſlated the Maſt-tree, may be that ſort of oak, which is known in ſome parts of England under the name of the Bay-oak. See his Tranſlat. pages 133 & 134, Oct. Edit.

Others there are, which by repeated uſe
Experience has diſcover'd. Tearing off
Boughs from the parent-trunk this man with skill
Depoſits them in furrows. Another
Buries the roots in earth, and props of vines
Split into four, and ſtakes with pointed ends:
And other trees expect their bending ſhoots
Should be depreſs'd, and in their native ſoil
The living plants immers'd. Others require
No root; nor does the pruner heſitate
To truſt within the ground the ſlender twig.
Lo! wonderful to tell, the boughs lopt off,
From the dry wood an olive's root ſtrikes out.
And oft we ſee the boughs of one unhurt
Chang'd to another's, and the alter'd pear
Bear grafted apples, and adopted plums
Bluſh 'mongſt the cornel's ſtony progeny.
Therefore, O farmers, learn the culture due
To ev'ry kind, and meliorate thereby
The fruit that's wild. Nor let your lands lie waſte:

It profits Iſmarus to plant with vines,
And clothe Taburnus with the olive-tree.

Thou too be preſent, and purſue with me
The work I have begun, my glory thou,
And of my fame the beſt and greateſt part,
Mecenas, and the ſwelling ſails expand,
Whilſt on the ſea the gale propitious blows.
Not each minute particular I wiſh
To be compriz'd within theſe lines of mine,
Though I'd an hundred tongues, an hundred mouths,
An iron voice: be preſent to my lay,
And ſmoothly ſail along the neareſt ſhore.
The land's within our reach. I will not here
With fabled verſe and tedious detail,
And long exordiums keep you in ſuſpenſe.

Trees that ſpontaneous ſhoot into the air,
Barren indeed, but ſtrong and healthy riſe.
Becauſe the ſoil its native force retains.

Yet ev'n theſe, if you ingraft upon them,
Or into trenches properly prepar'd
Tranſplant them, will put off their ſavage mind,
And by repeated culture tam'd, with haſte
Obſequiouſly obey the voice of art.
So that which riſes ſterile from the roots
Will do the ſame, if in the open fields
The tree be planted: now its mother's leaves
And ſpreading boughs o'erſhade it, and prevent
The plant from bearing fruit, or bearing kill.
The tree that lifts itſelf from ſeed that's ſown
Grows ſlow, affording late poſterity a ſhade:
Its fruits degenerate and quite forget
Their former flavour: and the vine puts forth
Its cluſters vile for rav'nous birds a prey.
For on them all labour muſt be beſtow'd,
And all muſt be into a furrow forc'd,
And at a great expence by art ſubdu'd.
But olives anſwer better from their trunks,
Vines from a ſlip, and Paphian myrtles

From ſolid wood. From plants produc'd ariſe
The hazel hard and mighty aſh-tree's ſtem,
The ſhady tree * whence Hercules's crown
Was gather'd, and the Chaonian oaks:
So grows the lofty palm, and ſo the fir
Soon to behold the dangers of the ſea.
The thin-leav'd arbute is ingrafted with
The nut-tree †, and the ſterile planes have borne
Stout apple-trees: the beech has whiten'd o'er
With cheſnut bloſſoms, and the mountain aſh
With bloſſoms of the pear: and under elms
Swine have the fallen acorns oft devour'd.

Nor is the mode to be obſerv'd the ſame
In grafting and in-eyeing. For where-e'er
The gems themſelves thruſt through the middle bark
And break the tender coats, ev'n there is made

* The Poplar.

† Mr. Martyn thinks it is the Walnut-tree. See his Tranſlat. of the Georgics, page 50, Oct. Edit.

A ſlender

A ſlender ſlit within the knot itſelf;
And a fit bud they from another tree
Incloſe therein, and teach t'incorporate
With the moiſt bark. Again, the knotleſs trunks
Are cut, and deep into the ſolid wood
A way is cleft with wedges, and the graffs
Are introduc'd. Ere-long the mighty tree
With happy boughs ſhoots upwards, and ſurpriz'd
Beholds new leaves and fruitage not her own.
Nor is the ſpecies one, neither of elms,
Nor of the willow, cypreſs, or the lote:
Nor in one form do the fat olives grow,
Some round, and ſome oblong, and ſome remark'd
For bitter berries: diff'rent Alcinous' fruits
And trees: nor is the branch the ſame
Of Cath'rine, Bergamotte, and Warden pears.
Nor does upon our trees ſuch vintage hang,
As Leſbos crops from the Methymnean vine.
Of Thaſian vines and Mareotic white,
Theſe ſuit a richer ſoil, a lighter thoſe.

The Pſythian grape's more uſeful when 'tis dry'd:
The ſlender lageos in revolving years
Will try your feet, and bind your fault'ring tongue.
Some grapes are purple, ſome are early ripe:
And thee, O Rhetic, how ſhall I deſcribe?
But vie not therefore with Falernian vaults.
The firmeſt wines Amminean vines produce:
Tmolus to theſe muſt yield and king Phanaeus' ſelf:
The ſmaller argite too, with whom no vine
Has e'er contended yet, either to flow
So much, or laſt throughout ſo many years.
Nor thee, accepted at the gods deſſerts,
Will I paſs o'er, O Rhodian vine, nor thee,
Bumaſtus, with thy ſwelling cluſters bright.
But nor their various ſpecies, nor their names
Can I recount: nor would it ought avail
To tell their number: which would any know,
The ſame would wiſh to learn how many ſands
Are mov'd by zephyr on the Lybian coaſts,
Or when the potent eaſtern wind deſcends

With violence upon the ſhips, to know
How many waves roll tow'rds th' Ionian ſhore.

Nor truly do all lands all things produce.
Near rivers willows, alders near thick pools
Ariſe; on rocky cliffs wild aſhes grow;
The ſhores with myrtles moſt abound: in fine,
Bacchus * loves open hills, the yews the northern cold.

Look to the fartheſt cultivated ſpot
Of all the earth, the eaſtern nations ſee,
And painted Scythians rude. Each tree that grows
Has its peculiar place aſſign'd by heav'n.
India alone produces ebony,
The ſcented bough alone Sabaea boaſts.
Why ſhould I tell of balſams that exſude
From th' odorif'rous tree, and here deſcribe
The fruit of the acanthus ever green?
Why ſhould I mention Ethiopian woods

* The vine.

White with ſoft wool? and how the Seres comb
Their ſlender fleeces from the leaves of trees?
Or groves that near the ocean India bears,
India th' extremeſt corner of the globe?
Where arrows cannot riſe above the top
Of the tall tree, though ſhot with greateſt force;
And that's a people in the uſe of bows
Expert and ready. Media the bitter juice
And laſting flavour of its apple * bears:
Than which (in drink when cruel ſtep-dames have
Mix'd baneful herbs and not innoxious words)
No antidote more pow'rful, or expels
The black, rank poiſon ſooner from the limbs.
The tree itſelf is large, and like a laurel ſeems:
And did it not a diff'rent odour caſt,
A laurel were: no winds blow off its leaves:
Its flow'r remarkably tenacious grows:

* The citron. See a print of the citron-tree in Martyn's Tranſlat. of the Georgics, page 168, Oct. Edit. Holdſworth thinks, that Virgil here means the orange-tree, and quotes Pliny in ſupport of his opinion, who calls the orange-tree *malus Medica*.

With it the Medes correct a fetid breath,
And of the panting aſthma cure the old.

But neither Media's woods, a region rich,
Nor Ganges fair, and Hermus thick with gold,
Can with the praiſe of Italy contend:
Not Bactra, India, or Panchaia all
Rich in a ſoil producing frankincenſe.
Theſe places oxen breathing fire ne'er plough'd,
Nor were they ſown with the huge hydra's teeth:
Nor did a crop of ſpears and helmets ſhake:
But fertile corn and Bacchus' maſſic juice
Have fill'd them: olive-trees the fields adorn,
And joyful herds cover the happy plains.
Hence iſſues forth elate the warrior-horſe:
Hence the white flocks, and greateſt victims bulls,
Oft waſh'd, Clitumnus, in thy ſacred ſtream,
Have to the temples of th' immortal gods
The Roman triumphs led. Here pleaſing ſpring
With conſtant verdure clothes the ſmiling fields,

And in unuſual months the ſummer ſhines.
Twice in the year are cattle big with young,
And twice the trees their various fruits produce.
But the fierce tigers and the lion's brood
Are abſent: nor do poiſ'nous herbs deceive
The wretched gath'rers, (they are known to all)
Nor drags the ſcaly ſnake along the ground
His orbs immenſe, nor with ſo vaſt a length
Collects himſelf to riſe in ſpiral height.
Add next ſo many famous cities too,
The labour ſo immenſe; ſo many towns
Built on the ſteepy rocks; and rivers there
Rolling their tide beneath the antique walls.
The ſea that waſhes Italy above
Shall I record? and alſo that below?
Or its vaſt lakes? Thee, Larius the greateſt,
Or thee, Benacus, riſing high with waves
And angry roar like the tempeſtuous main?
Shall I record the harbours, and the piers
To the Lucrinian lake oppos'd; the ſea

With mighty noiſe indignant foaming round:
There where the Julian water loudly ſounds,
The briny flood repuls'd to diſtance great,
And where Avernus' ſtraits the Tyrrhene ſurge receive?
This land within its veins diſcovers mines
Of ſilver and of braſs, and many too of gold.
This land produc'd a warlike race of men,
Marſians, Sabellians, and Ligurians us'd
To hardſhip, and the Volſcians arm'd with clubs:
The Decii, Marii, and Camilli fam'd,
And Scipios bold in war: and, mighty Ceſar, thee
Who even now in Aſia's fartheſt bounds
Victorious, the Indian effeminate
Averteſt from the Roman cities far.

All hail, Saturnian land, of fruits and men
Thou mighty parent: I attempt for thee
Subjects of ancient glory and of art;
Boldly I've dar'd to ope the ſacred ſprings,
And ſing through Roman towns Aſcraean verſe.

Now

Now to the genius of the ſoils attend:
What is the ſtrength of each, the colour what,
And what its nature in producing things.
Firſt then obſerve, hard earth and barren hills,
Where a light clay, and pebble ſtones are found
Within the buſhy fields, delight in groves
Of the Palladian, lively olive-tree.
As a ſure ſign, on the ſame ground is ſeen
Full many an olive wild, whoſe berries
Are ſcatter'd looſely o'er the fields around.
But ground that's fat, and rich with moiſture ſweet,
And the plain's fertile boſom cover'd o'er
With herbage green, ſuch as we oft are wont
To look upon within the hollow vale:
Whither adown the lofty mountain's ſides
The rivers flow, and draw prolific mud:
And land that riſing tow'rds the ſouth feeds fern,
A herb obſtructive to the crooked ploughs:
This land hereafter will afford you vines
Both ſtrong and flowing with much ſprightly juice:

This land is fruitful of the grape, and yields
Such liquor as in golden cups we pour,
When the fat Tuſcan at the altars hath
His iv'ry trumpet blown, in diſhes when
We offer ſmoking entrails to the gods.

If herds and calves you rather chooſe to breed,
Or lambs, or goats that burn the cultur'd fields;
Seek or Tarentum's woods and lawns remote,
Or ſuch a plain as hapleſs Mantua loſt,
That ſnowy ſwans with floating herbage feeds.
Not cryſtal fountains for the flocks, nor graſs
Is wanting there: and what the herds devour
In the long days, ſo much the gelid dew
In the ſhort night will always there replace.
Earth almoſt black, and fat below the ſhare,
And which a putrid ſurface hath (for we
By ploughing imitate this kind of ſoil)
Is beſt for corn, from no field will you ſee
More carts returning home with weary teams:

Or whence the angry ploughman has convey'd
A wood, and overturn'd the ſhady groves,
Which have ſtood idle there for many years,
And torn up from their loweſt roots the trees,
The ancient dwellings of the feather'd race:
They leave their neſts and fly into the air.
But land before uncultivate and rude
Has ſhone improv'd by the imprinted ſhare.
For hungry gravel of a hilly ground
Will ſcarce for bees ſmall flow'rs and dew afford:
Nor the rough ſand, and chalk that's eat by ſnakes:
No other fields they ſay ſuch pleaſant food
For ſerpents bear, and yield ſuch winding dens.
That which exhales thin vapours and light ſmoke,
And drinks the moiſture and ejects again,
And always clothes itſelf with verdant graſs,
Nor iron hurts with ſaltneſs and with ruſt;
This will intwine your elms with fruitful vines:
This land is fit for olives: this you'll find
By proper culture for your cattle good,

And patient to receive the crooked ſhare.
Such rich Capua ploughs, and regions near
Veſuvius' burning mount, and Clanius' ſtream
Deſtructive to Acerra's empty town.

Now I will teach you, how you each may know.
Whether the ſoil be light, or be too denſe
If you would diſcover: (for one is good
For corn, the other for the vine: the denſe
For Ceres' grain: the lighteſt for the grape.)
Firſt chooſe a place; and bid a pit be ſunk
Within the ſolid ground, and then replace
The earth, and ſmooth the ſurface with your feet.
If it fill not the place; the ſoil is light,
And beſt for paſture and for gen'rous vines:
Should it refuſe to go into its place,
And earth remain after the pit is fill'd;
The ſoil is denſe: expect reſiſting clods
And ridges thick, and with ſtout oxen plough the land.

But earth that's ſalt, and what is bitter call'd,
Is totally unfit for corn: nor is
Improv'd by ploughing, nor to wine preſerves
Its proper flavour, or their names to fruits.
This trial will a ſpecimen afford:
Take baſkets from the ſmoky cottage down
Of cloſe-wrought wicker, and winepreſs ſtrainers.
With that bad earth, and water from the ſpring,
Let theſe be fill'd, and preſs'd in to the brim;
For then the water all will ſtruggle out,
And in great drops through the cloſe twigs diſtil.
The taſte will manifeſtly ſhew the ſoil,
And bitterneſs diſtort the mouths of thoſe
Who try th' experiment with much diſguſt.
Laſtly, by this we learn when earth is fat:
Squeez'd in the hand it never crumbles, but
Like pitch in handling to the fingers ſticks.
The humid ſoil breeds larger herbs, and is
Itſelf more fruitful that it ought to be:
Oh! ne'er may that too fertile land be mine,

By the firſt ears that ſhews itſelf too ſtrong!
What earth is heavy, and what light, itſelf
Diſcovers by its weight. Eaſy it is
Black and each other colour to diſcern
By ſight. But to find out the cold accurs'd
Is difficult: only pitch-pines and yews
And ivy black do ſometimes mark the place.
Theſe things obſerv'd, remember long before
To bake your land and throw up mighty heaps
From out your ditches: and expoſe the glebe
Inverted thus to the north-wind, before
You plant the chearful vine: the fields are beſt
Whoſe ſoil is putrid: that the winds effect
And the cold froſts, and ſturdy ditcher too
Moving the waſted acres with his ſpade.

But ſome men, whom no vigilance eſcapes,
Firſt a fit place ſelect, where a young crop
Of trees may be prepar'd, of the ſame ſoil
With that wherein they afterwards may be

In order planted; leſt the ſlips ſhould not
Of parent earth the ſudden change endure.
Beſides they alſo note upon the bark
The diff'rent points of heav'n tow'rds which they grew:
That each as late it ſtood, what part had borne
The ſouthern heats, and what the northern cold,
They may reſtore. So much in tender plants
The force of early habit does prevail.

Conſider firſt, whether 'tis beſt to plant
Your vines on hills, or on the humble plain.
If a rich ſoil you for your vineyard chooſe,
Plant thick: for Bacchus will not flouriſh leſs
Within a cloſe plantation. Haply if
Upon a riſing ground, or hills ſupine
You fix; extend your ranks: and ſo diſpoſe
Your trees in even rows, that ev'ry walk
Be parallel and nicely quadrate all.
As oft in war when the long legion wide
Extends its cohorts, and the martial band

Stands in the open field, and in array
The army's ſet, and all the plain around
With trembling luſtre floats of ſhining braſs.
Ere yet they mix in horrid fight, and whilſt
Mars wanders dubious 'tween the adverſe fronts.
Let all the intervals between your trees
Be meaſur'd, that their numbers be alike:
Not only that the proſpect may amuſe
A mind at leiſure; but that equal ſtrength
The earth can't otherwiſe to all afford,
Nor can the boughs extend themſelves in air.

Perhaps the proper depth you ſeek to know
The trenches ſhould be of: myſelf would dare
To truſt the vine within a ſhallow trench.
Much deeper in the earth a tree is fix'd:
Eſpecially the maſt-tree, which as much
With lofty top as it aſcends ~~tow'ds~~ *tow'rds* heav'n,
So much tow'rds Tartarus with root deſcends.
Therefore nor winter's rage, nor winds, nor ſhow'rs

Do root it up: unmov'd the tree remains,
And in duration * many years exceeds
The ſhort-liv'd race of men: then ſtretching wide
His branches ſtrong, and here and there his arms,
He in the midſt ſuſtains the mighty ſhade.

Let not your vineyards tow'rds the ſetting ſun
Incline: nor ever plant among your vines
The hazel: nor the upper ſhoots attack,
Nor from the tree the topmoſt branches break:
(Such is their love of earth:) nor hurt with blunted ſteel
The boughs: nor plant the trunks of olives wild.
For oft from careleſs ſhepherds hath fall'n fire,
Which hid at firſt beneath the unctuous bark

* The Reverend Mr. Jones, taking the *eſculus* here to mean the *beech*, produces a very remarkable inſtance of its longevity. "*Virgil*," ſays he, "is "happy in his choice of the *beech:* for I was lately informed, that a grove "of beeches, which, according to an authentic record, were cut down in "the year 1666 to furniſh timber for the rebuilding of London after the fire, "and then replanted, are not yet, in the ſpace of 104 years, arrived at their "full growth." See the Reverend Mr. Jones's Theolog. Tracts, vol. III. Diſſert. 1. page 8.

It is commonly ſuppoſed, that the oak, one of the Has
moſt long-lived of the trees, laſts about a thouſand
years; being five hundred years growing to full
perfection, and as many decaying: which ſeems
to

Hath ſeiz'd the trunk, and high among the leaves
Burſt out into the air with mighty noiſe:
Thence gliding through the boughs and lofty top
Victorious reigns, and the whole wood involves
In flames, and with a pitchy darkneſs thick
Rolls a black cloud to heav'n: eſpecially
If from the north a tempeſt ſhould hang o'er
The woods, and wind increaſe and ſpread the fire.
This when it happens: neither from the root
Nor can the vines by cutting e'er revive,
Or ſhoot again the ſame from out the earth:
The olive wild with bitter leaves remains.
Let no one e'er ſo prudent you perſuade
To move the rigid ſoil when Boreas blows.
Winter then ſhuts the country up with froſt,
Nor, when the ſlip is planted, does permit
The frozen root to fix into the ground.
Beſt in the bluſhing ſpring to plant the vines,
When the ſtork comes that enemy to ſnakes:

to be a moderate and probable computation.
See Evelyn. Sylva, b. 3. ch. 3. The Sycamore
in Egypt becomes an exceedingly large
Tree and grows several Ages. See
Savary's Letters on Egypt, Vol. 1. p. 48.

Or the firſt colds of autumn, ere the ſun
Has reach'd his winter's goal, now ſummer's paſt.

Spring the green leaf reſtores, ſpring clothes the woods:
Earth ſwells in ſpring and genial ſeeds requires.
Then the almighty father air deſcends
Into his joyful conſort's boſom warm
In fruitful ſhowers, and by this embrace
Prolific nouriſhes her various births.
Then with the muſic of the tuneful birds
Reſound the lonely groves, and beaſts renew
On ſtated days their love. The fertile plain
Brings forth abundantly the living herbs:
To zephyr's breezes warm the verdant fields
Their boſom open: ev'ry where abounds
A tender moiſture: and the graſs ſecure
To the new ſun dares truſt itſelf: nor fears
The vine the riſing ſouthern gales, or ſhow'rs
Driv'n by the mighty north-wind down from heav'n:
But thruſts out buds and all its leaves unfolds.

No other days when firſt the world began †
Shone forth I think, or other tenor held.
That time was ſpring, † ſpring reign'd throughout the globe,
And Eurus then reſtrain'd the winter blaſts:
When cattle firſt drew light, and when of men
An iron progeny ſprang up erect
Within the ſtony fields, and the wild beaſts
Were firſt let looſe in woods and ſtars in heav'n.
Nor could the infant world this toil have borne,
If ſo much quiet had not interven'd
Between the cold and heat, and of the air
The temp'rature embrac'd the tender earth.

It now remains, that whatſoe'er the trees
You plant, you ſprinkle with fat dung around,
And mindful cover them all o'er with earth:
Or bury bib'lous ſtones or ſcaly ſhells.
A ~~For between them water will ſoftly flow,~~
And ſlender vapours permeating riſe,
Which give new ſtrength and vigour to the plants.

A For water will between them softly flow,

†† The era of the creation, according to the best and widest chronologers, began at the vernal equinox, when all Nature was gay & smiling, and

Some now are found, who preſs them down with ſtones,
And with the weight of very pond'rous tiles:
This is a fence againſt immod'rate rains;
This, when the burning dog-ſtar cleaves the ground
With parching thirſt, ſecures the gaping fields.
The ſhoots depoſited, it then remains
Often to heap up earth about their roots,
And ſhake the ground with the hard prongs of forks.
Or with infixed ſhare to exerciſe
The ſoil, and turn between the vines themſelves
Reluctant bullocks: then prepare ſmooth reeds,
And ſpears of ſlender twigs ſtript of the bark,
And aſhen poles, and two-prong'd forks provide:
By whoſe aſſiſtance let your vines be us'd
To riſe, and to contemn the bluſt'ring winds,
And to the topmoſt boughs of elms to cling.
And let, whilſt infancy new leaves ſupplies,
The tender vines be ſpared: and whilſt the branch
Shoots joyful upwards, as with ſlacken'd reins
Sent forth into the pure unclouded air.

Try and the earth arrayed in its loveliest verdure, and not, as others have imagined, at the dreary autumnal equinox, when that nature must necessarily have its beauty declining,

Try not as yet the knife's ſharp edge; but pluck
The leaves off with your hands, and thin them here and
there.
But with firm roots when they have claſp'd their elms,
Then prune their leaves and lop luxuriant ſhoots.
Before they dread the ſteel: then exerciſe
A ſtrict command and ſtraggling boughs reſtrain.
A hedge too ſhould be made, and all your herds
Of cattle kept within it, chiefly whilſt
The leaf is tender and unus'd to harms:
Which, beſides winters and the potent ſun
The buffaloes and the ſequacious goats
Always inſult: ſheep and greedy heifers
Feed upon it. Nor does the winter's cold
Congeal'd with hoary froſt, nor ſummer's heat
Scorching the arid rocks, ſo greatly hurt,
As does the venom of the cattle's tooth
And the ſcar mark'd upon the bitten ſtem.
No other crime condemns the goat to bleed
At Bacchus' altars, whence the ancient plays

declining, and that earth its verdure decaying. I have little doubt, therefore, that May-day, or at least the day on which the sun enters ✕ de Taurus, has been immemorially kept as a sacred festival from the Creation of the

+ p. 10. l. 278.

earth

earth and man, and was originally intended as a memorial of that auspicious period, and that momentous event. See Maurice's Ind. Antiq. vol. 6. p. 90.

Were first exhibited upon the stage.*
Hence the Athenians offer'd prizes round
Their villages and hamlets: joyous they
In pleasant meadows, as their cups inspir'd,
Leapt upon goat-skins well-besmear'd with oil.
And the Ausonian colonists, a race
Deriv'd from Troy, sport in unpolish'd verse,
With laughter loud: and take their horrid masks
From hollow'd barks of trees. And, Bacchus, thee
In joyful songs they call, and to thee hang
The little earthen images upon
The lofty pine. Hence ev'ry vine puts forth
Much fruit, and hollow vales and woodland glades
Are fill'd with grapes, and ev'ry place towards which
The jolly god his beauteous visage turns.
Therefore to Bacchus, as the rite demands,
His praises we will sing in Roman verse;
Cakes too we'll offer, and in dishes bring,
And dragg'd by either horn a guilty goat
Shall at his altar stand; whose entrails fat

We'll

* From the first rude Form and Origin in the musical Contest at Delphi, as described by Strabo, l. ix. the Progression of Poetry is so natural, that it is Matter of Astonishment to hear the learned at all Times ascribing the Rise of Tragedy to Causes merely accidental; and confining it to the single Adventure of Thespis and his Rout, singing the Praises of Bacchus

We'll roaſt on hazel ſpits.[x] In dreſſing vines
That other labour too there is, which ne'er
Can be exhauſted: for each ſoil muſt be
Plough'd three or four times yearly, and the glebe
With forks inverted ever broke, each vine
Muſt of its leaves be ſtripp'd. To huſbandmen
A conſtant round of ceaſeleſs toil returns,
And back into itſelf is roll'd the year.
And when the vine has caſt its lateſt leaves,
And the cold north has ſhaken from the woods
Their leafy honours: to the coming year
The farmer then his anxious care extends,
And pruning perſecutes with arched knife
The naked vine, and amputating forms.
Firſt dig your ground, firſt carry home and burn
Your twigs, firſt carry in your ſtakes, but laſt
Your vintage reap. Twice in the year the ſhade
Of leaves luxuriant invades the vines,
Twice do thick brambles ſuffocate their growth:
Hard is the labour either to remove.

[x] However unpleaſing, or even diſguſting, this Image may be to a modern Reader; as it was a Ceremony of Religion, it conveyed no Doubt, in Virgil's Days, a religious, and conſequently an important, Idea. This will at leaſt be ſufficient to acquit the Tranſlator of Indelicacy, notwithſtanding the ſneers of the faſtidious Critic.

Bacchus at a casual Vintage. See this and much more Praiſe
to the same Purpose in Dr. Brown's Diſſertation on the Riſe, Union, and Power of Poetry and Muſic. p. 106, 107.

Praiſe the large vineyards, cultivate the ſmall.
Beſides the twigs of holm, and reed that grows
On rivers' banks is cut, and willows too
Should exerciſe your care. When now the vines
Are bound, the trees permit the pruning-hook
To be laid by; the dreſſer of the vines
Fatigued now ſings at the laſt ranks arriv'd.
Yet ſtill the ground muſt be turn'd up again,
And the duſt rais'd by breaking of the clods,
And even when the grapes are ripe, the air
Is to be fear'd, leſt rain or ſtorms deſcend.
Contrarily no culture olives want:
Nor e'er expect the crooked pruning-hook,
Or the tenacious harrows, when they once
Have firmly fix'd their roots into the ground,
And borne and been accuſtom'd to the air.
The earth itſelf, when open'd with the plough,
Supplies ſufficient moiſture, and much fruit
Does from the furrow inſtantaneous riſe.
Plant the fat olive then, emblem of peace.

The apple-trees, as ſoon as e'er they feel
Their trunks are ſtout and they have ſtrength acquir'd,
Shoot up into the air with quickeſt growth
By their own force, nor do they need our aid.
Nor leſs with fruit is loaded ev'ry grove,
Uncultivate and unfrequented paths,
The haunts of birds, with ruddy berries bluſh.
Shrubs to increaſe the cattle's milk are cut:
Torches the lofty trees afford, to feed
Nocturnal fires and pour their light around.
And do men doubt to plant them, and beſtow
Their care upon them? Why the larger trees
Should I record? Willows and broom ſupply
Leaves for the cattle, or for ſhepherds ſhade,
Hedges for corn, and nouriſhment for bees.
'Tis pleaſant to behold Cytorus' woods
Of undulating box, and the thick groves
Of the Narycian pines: to ſee the fields
That want no rakes, nor any care of men.
Even the barren woods that grow upon

Mount Caucaſus, which the ſtrong eaſtern blaſts
Aſſail, and break and bear away their boughs,
Afford variety of diff'rent plants:
Pines they produce, an uſeful wood for ſhips,
Cedars and cypreſſes for houſes too:
Hence ſpokes for wheels, and wheels for carts and wains
The farmers turn, and lay the crooked keels
For ſhips. Willows abound with twigs, and elms
With leaves: myrtle for ſtout ſpears, and cornel
For other warlike weapons is deem'd good:
Yew-trees are bent into Ityraean bows:
The lindens ſmooth and box with eaſe receive
What form the turner's or the carver's tool
Imprints upon them: and the light alder,
Sent down the Po, ſtems the impetuous tide:
And bees in hollow barks their ſwarms conceal,
And in the boſom of an aged oak.
What have the gifts of Bacchus e'er produc'd
That merits equal praiſe? Wine has giv'n cauſe
To crimes: it ſlew the furious Centaurs all,

Rhoetus, and Pholus, and Hylaeus too,
Threat'ning the Lapithae with goblet large.

O happy, if they knew their happy ſtate,
Farmers! whoſe eaſy food the bounteous earth
Amply ſupplies, far from diſcordant arms.
No lofty dome from its proud portals pours
The mighty crowd of morning viſitants;
They covet not the pillars overſpread
With tortoiſe-ſhell, nor garments ſtiff with gold,
Nor choice Corinthian braſs; nor their white wool
Is with Aſſyrian pois'nous purple dy'd,
Nor do the Caſia's ſweets corrupt their oil.
But ſecure quiet, and a harmleſs life
That knows not to deceive, in various wealth
Abounding; but eaſe in ~~ſpacious~~ extensive farms,
Caverns and living lakes, cool, ſhady vales,
Where lowing herds in verdant paſtures graze,
And gentle ſlumbers underneath a tree,
Theſe are not wanting. There the pleaſant woods

And foreſts ſwarm with wild inhabitants,
There dwell the rural youth with little pleas'd,
Patient of labour, and inur'd to toil:
There the pure worſhip of the gods prevails,
There age is venerable. Juſtice there,
Quitting the earth, her parting footſteps fix'd.

Me may the muſes I to all prefer,
Whoſe ſacred prieſt I am, ſmit with the love
Of poeſy divine, receive, and teach
The ways of heav'n and number of the ſtars;
The different eclipſes of the ſun,
And all the labours of the changing moon;
What is the cauſe of earthquakes, by what force
Swell the deep waters of the ocean's tide
Burſting their bounds, and then ſubſide again:
With ſo much haſte why winter ſuns decline,
Or what retards th' approach of ſummer nights.
But if about my heart the languid blood
Too ſlowly flow, forbidding me to reach

Nature's ſublimer parts, may rural ſcenes
And purling brooks in fertile vallies pleaſe,
Streams may I love and woods inglorious.
Where are the fields? Oh where is Sperchius,
And mount Taÿgeta, where Spartan virgins
Perform'd their frantic Bacchanalian rites?
Who will convey me to the pleaſing vales
Of Hemus cool, and with the mighty ſhade
Of ſpreading branches cover me from heat?

Happy the man, who can of things diſcern
The cauſes, and hath caſt beneath his feet
Ev'ry vain fear, inexorable fate,
And noiſy Acheron's inſatiate flood!
And happy he, who knows the country gods,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the Siſter Nymphs!
Him not the *faſces*, enſigns of the pow'r
Of Rome's great conſuls, or the regal robes
Can move, or turn his ſteady ſoul aſide;
Nor diſcord ſtirring up continual feuds

'Mongſt faithleſs brothers, nor the force combin'd
Deſcending from the Danube: not of Rome
The empire fix'd, nor ſtates leſs durable:
The quiet of his mind is undiſturb'd
By envy of the rich, or pity for the poor.
What fruits the boughs, what fruits the fertile ſoil
Spontaneouſly produces, theſe he plucks;
To iron law an utter ſtranger, he
Ne'er the mad *forum*, or tribunals ſaw.

Others with oars diſturb the gloomy wave,
Ruſh into war and blood, or penetrate
The courts and gilded palaces of kings.
This wretch to drink in cups enchas'd with gems
And ſleep on Tyrian purple, ſacks a town
And maſſacres the ſad inhabitants.
Another hides the wealth he dares not uſe,
And brooding ſits over his bury'd gold.
This man with ſtupid admiration hangs
On ſpeeches from the *roſtra*; another

Gapes for applauſe in crowded theatres,
Where ſenators and people ſound his praiſe:
Some with their hands in brother's blood imbru'd
Change their ſweet home for exile, and forlorn
Seek other lands beneath another ſun.

The farmer with his plough turns up the glebe:
Hence is his annual toil, hence he ſuſtains
His children and his country; hence his droves
Of cows and toiling oxen are maintain'd.
Nor does his labour ceaſe, 'till the rich year
Abound with fruits, with cattle, or with corn
That loads the furrows and o'erflows the barns.
When winter comes olives are preſs'd for oil,
A full repaſt of acorns glads the ſwine,
And berries wild the leafleſs woods produce:
Autumn in plenty pours its various fruits,
And on the ſunny hills the grapes grow ripe.
Meanwhile, parental fondneſs to engage,
His prattling children hang around his neck;

His modeſt houſe preſerves its chaſtity;
The udders of the cows diſtend with milk,
And on the fertile graſs the wanton kids
Butt at each other with oppoſing horns.
The ſwain himſelf on the green turf reclin'd,
Where burns the ſacred fire, keeps holiday,
And whilſt his gay companions crown the bowl,
To thee, O Bacchus, pours libations due:
The prize he places in the lofty elm,
For which the ſhepherds throw the flying dart,
And then for wreſtling bares their brawny limbs.
The ancient Sabines erſt this life purſu'd,
So Remus and his brother alſo liv'd,
To fame in arms thus did Etruria grow,
So Rome became the miſtreſs of the world,
And with her wall ſurrounded ſeven hills.
Before the ſceptre of Dictaean Jove,
On fleſh of beaſts ere impious mortals fed,
Thus in the golden age old Saturn liv'd:
Ere men had heard the trumpet's brazen voice,

And on hard anvils before ſwords were form'd.
But with ſuch ſpeed we've croſs'd the ample plain,
'Tis time the ſmoking courſers to unyoke.

GEORGIC

THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION of the gods, who preſide over the food and paſture of cattle. Compliments paid to Auguſtus. Addreſs to Mecenas to patronize the work, at whoſe command it was undertaken. Of breeding oxen and horſes. The chariot race. The battle of the bulls. The influence of love on brute animals, and on man. Of ſheep and goats. The Scythian winter deſcribed. Of dogs. Diſeaſes incident to cattle. The whole concluding with the deſcription of a fatal murrain that once raged among the Alps.

GEORGIC

THE THIRD.

THEE too, great Pales, will I ſing, and thee,
O ſhepherd*, famous by Amphryſus' ſtream:
And you, Lycaeus' groves and cryſtal floods.

All ſubjects elſe that vacant minds can pleaſe
Have been already publiſh'd to the world.
Who does not know Euryſtheus the ſevere?
Or has not heard Buſiris' altars nam'd?
To whom has not been told young Hylas' fate,
Latonian Delos and Hippodame,
And Pelops for his iv'ry ſhoulder fam'd
And feats of horſemanſhip? I too muſt try

* Apollo, who fed the herds of Admetus near the river Amphryſus in Theſſaly.

To raiſe myſelf from earth, and on Fame's wing
To ſoar above the groveling multitude.
I firſt, returning from th' Aonian mount,
Into my native land will with me bring
The muſes, if my life but laſt ſo long:
I firſt Idumean palms will bring to thee,
O Mantua, and in the verdant field
Near the clear water will a temple place
Of marble, where in ſlow meanders ſtrays
The gentle Mincius, and with tender reed
~~Covers~~ Fringes its banks. Within ſhall Ceſar be,
And with his preſence ſhall the temple grace.
For him array'd in Tyrian purple I
Will drive an hundred chariots near the flood.
All Greece, deſerting fam'd Alphëus' ſtream
And green Molorchus' groves, ſhall in the race
And with the ceſtus ſtrive. Myſelf adorn'd
With olive crown will give the wiſh'd rewards.
Now to the temples of the gods I'll lead
The ſolemn pomp and ſee the victims ſlain:

Or

Or how the ſcene a changing front diſplays,
And how the interwoven Britons lift
The purple hangings of the theatre.
Sculptur'd in ſolid gold and ivory
Quirinus' conqu'ring arms and Indian war
Upon the temple's lofty doors I'll place;
In ſculpture there the mighty Nile ſhall ſhine,
Its ſwelling flood made rough with hoſtile fleets;
And columns there ſhall riſe of naval braſs.
I'll add the conquer'd towns of Aſia,
Armenians routed, and the Parthians
Truſting in flight with arrows turn'd to wound:
And ſpoils twice ſeiz'd by Ceſar's valiant hand
From diff'rent foes, and nations twice ſubdu'd
On either ſhore. There Parian ſtones ſhall ſtand,
And breathing figures, heroes whoſe deſcent
Deriv'd from Jove, Aſſaracus's race;
Tros too the parent and bright Cynthius,
Who rear'd the battlements of ſacred Troy.
Envy the furies and Cocytus' ſtream

Shall dread, Ixion's twiſted ſnakes and wheel
That always rolls, and Siſyphus's ſtone.

Meantime the woods and unfrequented glades,
Where the fair Dryads ſport, we'll often range
To execute, Mecenas, thy commands;
No eaſy taſk the theme I undertake.
Nothing important does my mind commence
Without thy patronage: break through at once
All ſlow delays: Cithaeron loudly calls,
Taygetus' hounds, and Epidaurus too
Tamer of horſes: their united cry
Reiterated through the woods reſounds.

Soon will I gird myſelf to celebrate
Great Ceſar's wars, and ſo his name convey
By fame to full as many future years
As Ceſar's diſtant from the firſt glad morn

When

When bright Tithonus * roſe upon the earth.

¶ If any one, admiring the rewards
Of the Olympic ~~palm, or horſe breeds~~ -an palm, ~~breeds~~ or horses breeds;
Or ~~ſturdy oxen for the crooked~~ if he loved strong oxen for the plough, he rears;
Let him with care the mother's bodies chooſe.
Beſt is the cow whoſe look is ~~fierce~~ ſtern, whoſe head
Large and ~~deform'd~~ uncouth, neck thick, and from whoſe chin
The dewlaps down ev'n to her legs depend.
Then too her ſides ~~muſt~~ ſhould be immenſely long:
Her limbs all large: as well her parted hoof
As hairy ears beneath her crooked horns.
Nor would a cow diſpleaſe me, were ſhe mark'd
With ſpots of white: or flying from the yoke,

* According both to Servius and Euſtathius, Tithonus in this paſſage ſignifies the ſun: and I prefer their interpretation to that of Mr. Martyn, who thinks Tithonus the ſon of Laomedon to be here meant, becauſe it is more poetical: for, as Ruaeus obſerves, Virgil ſeems to promiſe Auguſtus a kind of eternity of fame, and not a thouſand years only, which was the diſtance of time between Tithonus and Auguſtus. Dr. Hurd indeed pronounces the whole paſſage "to be the ſpurious offſpring of ſome later poet; "if indeed the writer deſerve that name; who was far from partaking the "original ſpirit of Virgil." See the doctor's notes on Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus, page 56, who, however, rejects the three Verſes as unworthy of the Poet, that he may ſupport his own Hypotheſis of an Allegory, and claims a Right of removing And them, though they are found in every MS. "A Licenſe "ſo extraordinary cannot even be juſtified by the Talents "of this accompliſhed Writer; for if the leſs elegant Paſſa-

ges

Or ſometimes aiming with her horns to ſtrike,
And ~~the ſtern~~ more a bull reſembling in her look:
Who's tall and ſtately, bruſhing with her tail
Her footſteps as ſhe ſlowly moves along.
The age to ſuffer hymeneal rites
And bear the labour of producing young
Ends before ten, at four years old begins:
The reſt's nor fit for breeding, nor the plough.

Meantime, among your herds whilſt ſprightly youth
Abounds, let looſe your males: your cattle firſt
In Venus' rites indulge, and from one race
Another ſtill by generation breed.

Their beſt days firſt from wretched mortals fly:
To them ſucceed diſeaſe and ſad old-age;
And pain and death contract their narrow ſpan.

There ever will be ſome you wiſh to change:
Then conſtantly repleniſh, and prevent,

"get of the ancient Poets might be removed at Plea-
sure, their Compositions would be exposed to the Caprice of
"every fantastic Commentator." See Hayley's Notes on
his Essay on Epic Poetry, page 144.

Leſt

Leſt after you repine, the conſequence
Ariſing from a loſs; and from your herd
Select with care an offspring ev'ry year.

Such choice ſhould be obſerv'd in horſes too.
Beſtow eſpecial care on thoſe, whom you
Deſign for ſtallions from their tender years.
The colt of gen'rous breed along the fields
Marches with lofty air, and from the firſt
With eaſy motion on his paſterns treads:
He firſt both dares to lead the way, and brave
The threat'ning floods, and to the bridge unknown,
Though trembling under him, himſelf to truſt:
He fears not empty ſounds. His neck is high,
Sharp is his head, his belly ſhort, his back
Is plump: his animated cheſt abounds
With ſwelling muſcles prominent and ſtrong.
Bright-bay and dark-grey horſes both are good:
The worſt of colours are pale white and dun.

Then if the ſound of arms is heard from far,
He ſtarts, erects his ears, through ev'ry limb
He trembles, and beneath his noſtrils ſnorts
Collected fire, which ſpurs his ardour on.
Thick is his mane, and when 'tis diſcompos'd,
On his right ſhoulder gracefully recoils.
A double ſpine between his loins extends:
He paws the ground, ſtriking with horny hoof
He makes the hollow vallies loudly ring.

Such was the horſe of Pollux, ſuch the ſteeds
Of Mars, ſuch great Achilles' chariot drew,
As Grecian bards record. Such Saturn' ſelf,
Who at his wife's approach diffus'd the mane
From his equinal neck, and flying fill'd
The lofty Pelion with his neighing ſhrill.

Him too, when ſlow with ſickneſs or with years
He fails, hide in the ſtable, and excuſe
~~Old age not infamous~~ His not inglorious age from farther toil.

Cold

Cold in the cauſe of love the aged horſe
Th' ungrateful labour vainly urges on:
And if he ever happen to engage,
~~In vain he rages, as a haſty fire Devoid of ſtrength,~~ *He impotently rages. without Strength As fire ſometimes* among the ſtubble burns.

Obſerve with care their courage and their age:
Then other qualities, and who their ſires:
How each appears dejected by defeat,
Or how they ſeek the palm of victory.

Do you not ſee? How in the headlong race
The rapid cars, when ſtarted from the goal,
With ſwifteſt motion whirl along the plain:
When eager hope and panting fear draw up
The youths' exulting hearts: they ply the laſh,
And ſtooping forwards give their ſteeds the reins:
The fervid axle flies: now low, now high
Through the void air they ſeem as if they're borne,
And on the fleeting winds aloft convey'd.

Nor ſtop, nor reſpite their career admits.
A ſudden cloud of yellow duſt is rais'd:
Soon with the following horſes' foam and breath
The charioteers are wet: ſuch is the love
Of praiſe, of ſuch concern is victory.

Firſt Ericthonius to the warlike car
Four horſes dar'd to join, and firmly fix'd
Victorious ride above the rapid wheels.
Seated on horſes' backs the Lapithae
Firſt taught the uſe of bridles to direct
The courſer's motions, and in arms complete
The horſeman how to trample on the ground,
And march with haughty footſteps tow'rds the foe.
Equal is either labour: equally
The maſters ſeek a horſe that's young, his mind
With courage warm, and fleet upon the courſe:
Not an old horſe, though he have often put
His foes to flight, and though Epirus he
Or fam'd Mycenae for his country boaſt;

Nay

Nay from the race of Neptune's heav'nly ſteeds
Deduce his origin. Theſe things obſerv'd,
They're much ſolicitous about the time
Of covering; and ev'ry care exert
To fatten him, whom they have choſen guide
And have declar'd the huſband of the herd:
For him they cut the juicy herbs, and both
Water and corn ſupply; leſt he ſhould faint
Beneath the pleaſing taſk to him aſſign'd,
And his weak ſons betray their father's faſts:
But willingly they keep the females lean.
When of connubial rites the pleaſure known
Solicits a renewal; they deny
The mares their food, and drive them from the ſprings:
Oft too they exerciſe them in the race,
And in the ſun fatigue; when heavily
Groans with the beaten corn the threſhing floor,
And to the riſing wind the empty chaff is thrown.
They practiſe this, leſt of the genial field
Too much indulgence ſhould the uſe deſtroy,

And choke the heavy furrows of the ſoil,
But that it greedily ſuck in the ſeed,
And in its innermoſt receſſes hide.

Again, the care you on the males beſtow'd
Begins to ceaſe, and of the females then
To follow, when their months are all complete,
And big with young they wander through the fields.
None then permits them to draw heavy carts,
Or leap acroſs the path, or ſwiftly run
Around the meads, and ſwim the rapid ſtreams.
In unfrequented paſtures let them feed
Near rivers full: where moſs and verdant graſs
Adorn the banks, where caverns hide the mares,
And where the ſhade of hanging rocks extends.
Round Silarus's groves, and green with oaks
Alburnus' lofty hill there is a fly,
Whoſe Roman name's Aſilus, but the Greeks
Call it Oïſtros×: fierce and buzzing harſh:
With which whole herds affrighted madly fly

× The gadfly.

From out the woods; their furious lowings ſhake
The air and woods, and dry Tenagrus' banks.
Once with this monſter Juno exercis'd
Her horrid anger, when ſhe vengeance breath'd
Againſt fair Iö in a heifer's ſhape.
Him too (for in the midſt of ſummer's heat
With greater fury his attacks are made)
Far from your teeming cattle drive away,
And feed your herds of females when the ſun
Is newly ris'n, or when the ſtars bring night.

After the birth, the care is all transfer'd
To the young calves: and ſoon the farmers brand
On them their marks and tribe from whence they ſprung:
And which they mean ſhall propagate the herd,
Be kept for ſacrifice, or plough the ground,
And ſmooth th' uneven field with broken clods.
In paſtures green the others may be fed.
Inſtruct betimes the calves, whom you deſign
To form to rural buſineſs: break them in

Whilſt

Whilſt pliant youth, the docile ſeaſon, laſts.
And firſt looſe circles made of ſlender twigs
Upon them bind: then, when to ſervitude
By cuſtom their free necks have been inur'd,
With the ſame collars yok'd two bullocks join
Pair'd nicely, and together force to ſtep.
Oft ~~to o~~ too by them let empty wheels be drawn
Along the ground, and let them mark their ſteps
Upon the duſty ſurface. Afterwards
Striving beneath the heavy burthen, let
The beachen axle groan, and let the beam
Of braſs drag on the orbs thereto conjoin'd.
Meanwhile for youth unbroke not graſs alone,
Nor willow-leaves, and flags that grow in fens;
But gather with your hand the riſing corn:
Nor, as our fathers practis'd, let your cows,
When they have calv'd, the ſnowy milkpails fill,
But all their udders on their young exhauſt.

If more inclin'd to wars, and to fierce troops,
~~Or near Alphëus' ſtream with wheels to glide,~~
And in Jove's grove to drive the flying cars;
Inure your horſe betimes to ſee the arms
Of warriors, and to hear the trumpet's ſound,
To bear the groaning wheel, and in the ſtall
To hear the ſounding laſh, and more and more
With his kind maſter's praiſes to be pleas'd,
And love the ſound of patting of his neck.
Theſe things when driven from his mother's teats
Firſt let him hear, and in the ſtead of bits
Yield to ſoft leathern thongs his tender mouth
Whilſt he is weak, ere yet his trembling joints
Grow firm, and inexperience prevails.
But when the fourth returning ſummer comes,
Let him begin to tread the round, and walk
With meaſur'd ſteps; and let him bend his legs
Alternately, like one who labours hard:
In ſwiftneſs then let him outſtrip the winds,
And flying through the fields with looſen'd reins,

Upon the ſand his footſteps ſcarce imprint.
Like Boreas when he ruſhes from the north,
Scatt'ring the Scythian ſtorms and arid clouds:
Then the tall harveſts and the waving fields
Tremble with gentle gales, and through the woods
The bending trees emit a ſolemn ſound,
And the long ſurges roll towards the ſhore:
He flies aloft, and in his ſwift career
At once the fields, at once the ocean ſweeps.
Such horſe will either o'er th' Elean plains
Sweat tow'rds the goal, and drive the bloody foam
From out his mouth, or he will eaſier draw
The Belgic chariots with his pliant neck.

The colts already broke permit to feed
On heart'ning food to make them plump and ſleek:
For if you fatten them before they're broke
'Twill raiſe their ſpirits high, and they'll refuſe
To bear the whip and the hard curb obey.

No induſtry does more their ſtrength confirm,
Than to avert the ſtings of heedleſs love,
Whether the uſe of horſes or of bulls
Delight thee moſt. And therefore they remove
The bulls far off and into plains retir'd,
Behind a hill, and over rivers broad:
Or at full mangers cloſely ſhut them up.
For whilſt the female's ſeen, ſhe by degrees
Impairs their ſtrength and fires their heated blood:
Nor ſuffers them, unmindful of their food,
T' enjoy the leafy grove or crop the verdant graſs:
But oft provokes with her enchanting looks
The rivals proud to combat with their horns.

A beauteous heifer in the ſpacious grove
Is fed: for her the bulls contending fierce
With mutual ardour fight and frequent wounds:
The black blood ſtains their bodies, and their horns
Turn'd and impel'd againſt each other, cauſe
The combatants to groan: with their loud roar

The woods and heav'n reſound. Nor are they wont,
When once the battle's o'er, in the ſame ſtall
To feed together: but the conquer'd bull
Goes into exile far on plains unknown:
The ſhame he ſuffer'd and the wounds receiv'd
From the proud victor forcing many a groan,
And for his love he unreveng'd has loſt:
And, caſting on his ſtall a parting look,
From his hereditary realms withdraws.
He exerciſes therefore his great ſtrength
With all his care, and makes the flinty rocks
His bed, where all night long he lies: his food
The prickly leaves and the ſharp-pointed graſs:
And tries himſelf, and learns to aim his horns
Striving with all his force againſt the trunk
Of ſome large tree: and beats the air with blows,
And as a prelude to the fight throws up
The ſcatter'd ſand. But when his might and ſtrength
Are once recruited, then he moves his camp,
And ruſhes headlong on his careleſs foe.

As when the ocean's waves begin to foam,
And draw a longer ſwell from out the deep:
And as they roll towards the land reſound
With horrid roar among the rocks, and fall
Not leſs than mountains: from the bottom boils
The whirling ſurge, and ſpouts aloft the ſand.

Thus all the race of men and beaſts on earth,
And ocean's tribes, cattle, and painted birds,
Into the ſcorching flame of fierce deſire
With fury ruſh: love is in all the ſame.

The lioneſs forgetful of her whelps
At no time ~~wanders in~~ roams about the fields more fierce:
Nor do the ſhapeleſs bears ſuch ſlaughter ſpread
At other ſeaſons through the lonely woods:
Then fierce the boar, then is the tyger worſt:
Alas! forlorn the trav'ler wanders then
O'er Libya's dreary unfrequented waſtes.
Obſerve the horſes, how their ev'ry limb

Is ſeiz'd with trembling, if the air has brought
The well-known ſcent! then neither reins, nor whips,
Nor rocks, nor hills, nor intervening ſtreams,
Rolling with rapid wave, retard their courſe.
Then ruſhes from the woods the Sabine boar
And whets his teeth, and ſtamps upon the ground,
And rubs his ſides againſt a tree, and both
His ſhoulders hardens for receiving wounds.
What does the youth, when cruel love excites
A mighty fire within him? then he ſwims
The ſtormy ſtraits involv'd in darkeſt night:
Above him heav'n with dreadful thunder ſounds,
And daſh'd againſt the rocks the billows roar:
Nor can his wretched parents call him back,
Nor yet the hapleſs virgin whom he lov'd,
About to die for him a cruel death.

The ſpotted lynxes and the furious race
Of wolves and dogs what fury ſeizes? What
The tim'rous ſtags? What wars they undertake?

But far remarkable above the reſt
The fury that among the mares prevails:
Venus herſelf inſpir'd it, when the mares
Of Glaucus ate their maſter's mangled limbs.

Love leads them on beyond fair Ida's hill,
Beyond Aſcanius with his rapid tide:
They climb the mountains and they croſs the ſtreams:
Soon as the ſubtle flame their marrow fires,
Chief in the ſpring (becauſe in ſpring returns
The genial heat) on the high rocks they ſtand
Turn'd all towards the weſt, and the light air
Receive, and oft, without the ſtallion's aid,
Big with the wind (a wonder to relate!)
O'er rocks and hills and through the humble vales
They fly: not tow'rds the riſing of the ſun,
Nor to the north, nor whence the black ſouth-wind
Riſes, and ſaddens with cold rain the air.
Hence a ſlow poiſon from the groin diſtils,
Which ſhepherds juſtly call Hippomanes.

This

This wicked ſtepdames gather oft, and mix
With baneful herbs and not innoxious words.
But time flies on, flies not to be recall'd,
Whilſt we, enamour'd of our pleaſing theme,
Each circumſtance attentively ſurvey.

Enough of cattle: there remains to treat
Our ſubject's other part, to manage well
The flocks of woolly ſheep and hairy goats:
This though 'tis difficult, yet hence expect,
Ye ſturdy ſwains, the glory of your toil.
Convinc'd I am, it is no eaſy taſk
With elegance of ſtyle to overcome
The meanneſs of the ſubject, and to give
To things as low as theſe this ornament.
But me the love I to the muſes bear
Snatches aloft and through the deſarts leads
Of ſteep Parnaſſus: I delight to tread
The ſummit of the hill, where there appears
No track of former footſteps for our guide,

No winding path an eaſy ſlope affords
Deſcending downwards to Caſtalia's ſtream.

Now, venerable Pales, I begin
To modulate my ſong in lofty ſtrains.
Firſt, I direct, that in warm ſtalls the ſheep
Eat hay, 'till leafy ſummer is return'd:
And that much ſtraw and fern the farmer ſtrew
On the hard ground beneath them: leſt the froſt
Hurt the ſoft flock and bring the ſcab and gout.
Retreating hence, I order afterwards
The goats to be ſupplied with arbutes green,
And water from the river newly drawn:
And that the ſtall, ſecur'd from winds, do front
The winter's ſun, and turn towards the ſouth;
When now at length the cold Aquarius ſets
And wets with ſoaking rain th' expiring year.
Nor leſs the care we ſhould on theſe beſtow,
Nor leſs will be the profit: though for much
Miletus' fleeces ſell with purple dy'd.

Their offspring is more num'rous, and their milk
Is more abundant: for the more the pail
From their exhauſted udder ſhall have froth'd,
From their preſs'd teats the ſtreams more copious flow.
Meantime the beard and the long briſtly hair
Of the Cinyphian goat the ſhepherd ſhears,
For coverings of tents and ſailors' coats.
They feed on ſhrubs, and on Lycaeus' top
Crop prickly buſhes, and the brambles eat
That love to grow upon a precipice:
And mindful to return into their ſtalls
Their young bring with them, when they ſcarcely can
Their ſwelling udders o'er the threſhold lift.
Therefore with all thy care ſo much the more
Avert the froſt and ſnow, by how much leſs
Themſelves provide againſt a time of need,
And chearful bring them food and ſhrubby browze:
Nor ſhut thy ſtacks of hay all winter long.
But when the ſummer at the Zephyrs' call
Approaches joyful, into paſtures ſend

Both flocks to taſte the verdure of the glade:
At Lucifer's firſt riſing let them crop
The meadows cool, whilſt morning's new, whilſt white
The graſs, and on the tender blade the dew
Hangs yet in pearly drops to cattle ſweet.
Then when the day's fourth hour occaſions thirſt,
And chirping †graſshoppers fatigue the ear;
To wells, or to deep pools then lead your flocks
To drink in wooden troughs the running ſtream:
At burning noon explore the ſhady vale,
Its mighty branches where an ancient oak
Extends around, or where the num'rous boughs
Spread a dark gloom o'er all the ſacred grove.
At ſunſet feed and water them again,
When Veſper cools the air, and Cynthia ſheds
Refreſhing dews, and all the ſhores reſound
With Halcyon's voice, and linnets fill each buſh.

The Libyan ſhepherds and their paſtures why
In verſe ſhould I deſcribe, and villages

† It has been usual to render Cicada, a Graſshopper: but Martyn says, it is an Insect of a very different Sort, that it sits upon Trees and makes a Noise five Times louder than a Graſshopper. Dallaway, in his Tour in the Levant, renders Cicada, the Wood-cricket, whose un-

Conſiſting of a few wide-ſcatter'd cots?
Oft day and night for a whole month complete
Grazes their flock, and through long deſarts goes
Without a home: ſo vaſt a plain extends:
The herdſman with him takes his all, his houſe,
His gods, his arms, his Amyclaean dog,
And quiver ſtor'd. The warlike Roman thus,
Clad in bright arms, purſues his weary march
Beneath a heavy load, and when his foe
Does leaſt expect him, ſpreads his well-rang'd tents.

Not ſo the Scythian nations, who reſide
Near the Moeotic lake and Iſter's ſtream
Rolling its turbid waves o'er yellow ſands:
And to the north where Rhodope extends.
Shut up in ſtalls they keep the cattle there:
Nor graſs in fields, nor leaves on trees appear:
But with deep froſt and ſnowy heaps the earth
Lies wide deform'd, and riſes ſeven ells.

There

reading Shriek is the most wearisome of all
continued Noises.

There winter always reigns, there freezing Caurus * blows.
The ſhadows pale the ſun does ne'er diſpel:
Nor when he mounts the ſteep aſcent of heav'n,
Nor when he plunges his deſcending car
Into the weſtern ocean's ſhining wave.
Sudden the froſt congeals the running ſtream:
The ſea upon its ſurface now ſuſtains
The chariot's iron wheels, where ſhips before
Were ſtation'd, heavy waggons now are plac'd:
Oft by the froſt are brazen veſſels ſplit,
The garments freeze upon the wearer's back,
They cleave their wine, no longer humid there,
With axes,[x] into ſolid ice whole pools
Are quickly turn'd, and from their uncomb'd beards
Harden'd to icicles the drops depend.
Meantime it ſnows through all the darken'd air.
The cattle die: ſurrounded by the froſt
The oxen ſtand: and ſtags in tim'rous droves

* The north-weſt wind.

[x] Captain Monk was diſpatched in the year 1619 by Chriſtian IV king of Denmark, to attempt the diſcovery of a north-eaſt paſſage to China. He wintered on the ſhore of Hudſon's Bay; and relates that the cold was ſo intenſe, that neither bear, wine, nor brandy could reſiſt it; but were frozen up, and the veſſels which contained them were ſplit into pieces: and that, before they could uſe the liquors, they

Faint

were obliged to hew them with hatchets, and diſſolve them by fire.
See Gisborne's Walks in a Forest, p. 117.

Faint under an unuſual load, and ſcarce
Above the drifted heaps their horns are ſeen:
Theſe timid herds they do not hunt with dogs,
Nor take with nets, or with red feathers fright†:
But vainly thruſting 'gainſt a hill of ſnow
Their panting breaſt, they ſtrike them with the ſword,
And kill them braying loud, and with great noiſe
The huntſmen pleas'd convey them to their home.
The Scythians themſelves in dreary caves
Beneath the earth live eaſy and ſecure:
Accumulated oaks and elms entire
They roll on hearths and to the flames commit.
Here the long nights in ſports they joyful paſs,
And imitate the cups that vines produce
With a fermented liquor and the juice
Of four berries. Such the unbridled race
Of men in Hyperborean climes, expos'd
To Eurus' blaſts from the Riphaean hills:
Their bodies roughly clad with ſkins of beaſts.

† The Practice of tying Feathers to an horizontal Line for restraining Deer is common in England, and I myself have seen it frequently in Bushy Park, Hampton Court, Middlesex. If

If wool's thy care: let prickly buſhes firſt,
And burs and brambles be remov'd away:
Avoid rank paſtures: and betimes ſelect
White flocks with fleeces ſoft. Reject the ram,
Though he be white himſelf as driven ſnow,
Whoſe tongue alone beneath his palate moiſt
Is black, leſt with dark ſpots he mark the breed,
And chooſe another from the crouded field.
So Pan, Arcadia's god, fair Cynthia, thee
(If to the legend we may credit give)
Pleas'd with a gift of ſnowy wool deceiv'd,
And call'd into the lofty grove: nor thou
A lover's invitation didſt deſpiſe.

But let the man who's fond of milk provide
And with his own hand carry to the ſtalls
Salt herbs in plenty and of various kinds.
Hence they will drink the more, and ſwell their teats,
And in the milk a hidden reliſh leave.

Many the kids well-grown drive from their dams,
And ſtudded muzzles to their mouths prefix.
What at day-break they milk'd and through the day,
At night they preſs: what at ſun-ſet, and when
'Tis dark, the ſhepherd to the neighbouring towns
Soon as it's light in loaded baſkets takes,
Or elſe he ſeaſons ſparingly with ſalt,
And lays it up againſt the winter bleak.

Nor let your care the uſeful dogs neglect,
But feed together upon fat'ning whey
Swift hounds of Sparta's breed and maſtiffs fierce:
Whilſt theſe defend the folds you need not fear
The nightly thief, and wolves' incurſions bold,
Or the unquiet Spaniards from behind.
Oft you'll purſue the timid aſſes wild,
And hunt with dogs the hare, with dogs the deer.
Oft with the barking of your hounds you'll fright
The boars, and drive them from their woody dens,

And in full cry aſcend the lofty hills
And force into your nets the ſtately ſtag.

Burn od'rous cedar in your crouded ſtalls,
And pois'nous ſerpents learn to drive away
With galbanum's ſtrong ſcent. The viper oft,
Hurtful to touch, beneath the unmov'd racks
Has lurk'd, and from the light affrighted fled;
Or us'd to glide into the houſe and ſhade,
And into cattle fix his venom'd teeth;
The creſted ſnake, of oxen the dire peſt,
Has lain upon the ground. Take in your hand,
O ſhepherd, ſtones, or take a club and ſtrike
Repeated blows, whilſt he exalts his threats
And ſwells his hiſſing neck, 'till flying he
Hide deep his fearful head; when cruſh'd the joints,
When of his tail the wreaths extended lie,
And the laſt fold drags its ſlow orbs along.

In the Calabrian woods is likewiſe found
A pois'nous ſnake, rolling with breaſt erect
His ſcaly back along, his belly mark'd
With largeſt ſpots; who, whilſt the torrents burſt
From copious fountains, and the earth is wet
With the moiſt ſpring, and with its ſhow'ry winds,
Inhabits lakes and banks of running ſtreams,
And fills with fiſh and frogs his rav'nous maw.
But when the pool's dry'd up, and with the heat
The ground is cleft, on the parch'd plain he ſprings,
And rolling quick his fiery eyes around,
Rages with boundleſs fury through the fields,
Fierce with infatiate thirſt and ſcorch'd with heat.
Then gentle ſlumbers in the open air
Oh may I not indulge, or in the grove
Lie ſtretch'd upon the graſs; when new in youth
And having caſt his ſkin, or in the neſt
Leaving his young and eggs, towards the ſun
Erect he rolls, and darts his forky tongue.

The ſigns and cauſes of diſeaſes too
I'll teach. The foul ſcab oft infects the ſheep,
When the cold rain and gloomy winter's froſt
Have penetrated to the quick: or when
The ſweat unwaſh'd has to them ſhorn adhered,
And prickly briers have their bodies torn.
The ſhepherds therefore waſh their tender flocks
In rivers clear, and in the pool the ram
Is plung'd with dripping fleece, and down the ſtream
Borne by the tide; or they anoint when ſhorn
Their bodies with the bitter lees of oil:
Litharge and ſulphur too they ſometimes mix,
And bees-wax from the hive and Ida's pitch,
And black bitumen, ſquills, and hellebore.
But for theſe ills nought more effectual proves
Than with a knife to cut the ulcer's top:
By being hid the evil grows and lives;
Whilſt to the wounds his healing hand the ſwain
To move refuſes, and ſits idle down
Imploring better omens of the gods.

Beſides, when the diſeaſe has reach'd the bones
Of the complaining flock and rages ſore,
And on their limbs the ſcorching fever preys,
To bleed them in the foot has often prov'd
Succeſsful, to avert the burning heat:
As the Biſaltians uſe, and Scythian fierce
When to the barren hills of Thrace he flies,
And drinks his milk curdled with horſe's blood.

Whatever ſheep you ſhall from far have ſeen
Or oft'ner ſeek the ſhade, or liſtleſs crop
The graſs's tender top, or follow laſt,
Or in the middle of the field lie down
When feeding, or at night wander alone,
At once his fault with ſteel correct, before
Th' infection dire ſpreads through the heedleſs flock.

Not more the tempeſts on the ſtormy main
Than are the cattle's plagues: nor do theſe ills

Attack a ſingle one, but ſudden ſweep
The herd away and the ſwain's hope deſtroy.

Of this he'll be convinc'd, whoe'er e'en now,
After ſo great a length of time elaps'd,
Surveys the lofty Alps, and villages
Among the hills, and near Timavus' ſtream
The meadows green, and the deſerted plains
Where ſhepherds fed their flocks, and empty woods
Extending far and wide an awful gloom.

Here once a dreadful peſtilence aroſe
From the corrupted air, and burnt with all
The heat of autumn, and to certain death
Gave ev'ry kind of cattle and wild beaſts;
Tainted the waters, and the paſtures rich
Infected ſtrong with poiſon. Neither was
This fatal illneſs of the common ſort,
But when a parching thirſt, through all the veins
Deep-penetrating, ev'ry wretched limb

Had

Had cramp'd: a morbid humour did abound,
And all the bones, with the diſeaſe conſum'd,
Converted to itſelf by ſlow degrees.
Oft at the altar as the victim ſtood
In honour of the gods, and whilſt the prieſt
The woolly mitre with white ribbons ty'd,
Dying it fell among th' aſtoniſh'd throng.
Or if the ſacrificer with his knife
The beaſt had ſlain, the altars do not blaze
With th' entrails laid upon them, nor the prieſt,
When he's conſulted, can an anſwer give:
Scarce with the blood the ſacred knives are ting'd,
Or dy'd with gore the ſurface of the ſand.
Hence calves in fertile paſtures frequent die,
And their ſweet ſouls at the full mangers leave.
To fawning dogs hence madneſs comes: and hence
A wheezing cough ſhakes the diſorder'd ſwine,
And chokes them with a quinſy in the throat.
After his great exploits unhappy falls
The victor horſe, unmindful of his food:

From the pure ſprings he turns, and oft the ground
Strikes with his hoof: his languid ears hang down:
A doubtful ſweat ſucceeds, and ere they die
Turns cold: the ſkin grows dry, and to the touch
Becoming hard the ſoothing hand reſiſts.
Theſe are the ſymptoms that precede their death:
But in proceſs of time if the diſeaſe
Begins t'augment, then are their eyes inflam'd,
And from their inmoſt breaſt their breath they draw,
Oft interrupted with a heavy groan;
And with long ſighs their bowels they diſtend:
Out of their noſtrils the black blood diſtils,
And the dry tongue cleaves to th' obſtructed throat.
It has prov'd uſeful through a horn to pour
Into their mouths a cordial drench of wine:
This remedy alone, when dying, ſeem'd
The moſt effectual to ſave their lives.
Soon after even this became their bane:
And thus refreſh'd they burnt with fury more:
Now in the agonies of death themſelves

(Ye

(Ye gods, grant to the pious better things,
And for our enemies ſuch rage reſerve!)
Tore with their naked teeth their mangled limbs.

Lo under the hard ſhare the panting bull
Drops down, immix'd with foam he vomits blood,
And groaning breathes his laſt: the ploughman ſad
Walks on, the bullock loos'ning from the yoke
Griev'd at his brother's death, and leaves the plough
Fix'd in the middle of th' unfiniſh'd field.
Not of the lofty woods the ſhadows deep,
Not the ſoft meadows can their mind affect,
Not roll'd among the rocks the river, which
Purer than amber flows towards the plain:
Their ſides grow flaccid, and their heavy eyes
A ſtupor fixes, and the languid neck
Hangs to the ground by its own weight depreſs'd.
What do their toil and benefits avail?
What patient to have turn'd the ſtubborn ſoil
With the bright ſhare? Yet Bacchus' maſſic juice,

Nor

Nor feaſts luxurious have their health deſtroy'd:
They feed on leaves and on the ſimple herb:
The limpid fountains and the running ſtreams
They drink: nor care diſturbs their wholeſome ſleep.

At no time elſe, they ſay, for Juno's rites
Were oxen wanting in thoſe regions wide,
And ill-pair'd buffaloes employ'd to draw
The ſacred chariots to the lofty fanes.
Therefore with pains immenſe the huſbandmen
With heavy rakes make furrows in the ground,
And with their very nails inſert the grain,
And, yielding to the yoke, o'er mountains high
With ſtrained necks the creaking waggons draw.

The wolf around the ſheepfolds lays no ſnares,
Nor nightly prowls around the bleating flocks:
Him ſharper care ſubdues: the timid hinds
And flying ſtags now roam among the hounds,
And for relief around the houſes ſtray.

The ſcaly offspring of the vaſt profound
And all the ſwimming race the wave caſts up,
Like ſhipwreck'd corpſes, on its utmoſt ſhore:
Th' unwieldy ſeals, where they're not wont to go,
To 'ſcape th' infection into rivers fly.
In vain defended by his winding dens
The viper dies, and ſnakes with ſcales erect.
Ev'n to the birds deſtructive is the air,
Who, falling, leave their life among the clouds.

To change their food is now of no avail,
The help of med'cine too is ſought in vain.
Melampus, Chiron, the phyſicians all
Retire. Sent into light from Stygian ſhades
Infernal, rages pale Tiſiphone:
Fear and diſeaſes ſhe before her drives,
And riſing daily, higher lifts her head.
With bleating and with frequent lowings ſound
The rivers, their dry banks, and hills ſupine.
In droves the fury now ſpreads ſlaughter round,

And in the very ſtalls heaps carcaſes
Waſted with foul infection: 'till they learn
To bury them in earth, or hide in pits.
For uſeleſs were their hides: no one can cleanſe
Their entrails with the ſtream, or purge with fire.
Nor can they ſhear the fleeces eaten through
With filth and with diſeaſe, nor can they touch
The putrid webs. But garments made ~~there~~of *these*
If any ~~one had worn~~ *tried to wear*, red pimples roſe
~~And an uncleanly ſweat o'er ev'ry part~~ *o'er the fetid limbs uncleanly ſweat*
Prevail'd: ~~and~~ after, ~~if too long delay'd,~~ *nor did they long ſurvive,*
The ſacred fire th' infected limbs conſum'd.

And o'er the fetid members ſweat unclean

GEORGIC

THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject propoſed and addreſſed to Mecenas. What ſtation is fitteſt for the bees. The ſtructure of the hive. How to entice them home when they ſwarm. Their battles deſcribed, and how to part them when engaged. Their different kinds. How to prevent their quitting the hive. Deſcription of the old Corycian and his little garden. Remarkable properties of the bees, and their wiſe policy. Their reverence for their kings. How to ſeize the honey. The times for doing it. Creatures that deſtroy the combs, or are noxious to the bees. How to treat them when ſick. How to reſtore them when the whole breed is deſtroyed. A minute deſcription of the origin of this invention and its author, wherein is introduced the ſtory of Orpheus and Eurydice.

GEORGIC

THE FOURTH.

NOW of aërial * honey I'll deſcribe
The gifts celeſtial*: O Mecenas, look
On this part too with favourable eye.
The wond'rous ſpectacles of little things
And their bold chieftains; of the nation all
The manners, ſtudies, people, and the wars
I will relate in order. Trifling is
The ſubject of my labour: but not ſmall

** It was the opinion of the antient philoſophers, that honey was derived from the dew of heaven. This heavenly dew they thought was received by the flowers, and thence gathered by the bees. See Martyn's note on this place.

The

The glory: if the adverſe gods th' attempt
Permit, and if invok'd Apollo hear.

Firſt for your bees a ſtation muſt be ſought,
Where winds have no acceſs; (for winds prevent
The bees from bringing home their food:) nor let
The ſheep and wanton kids tread down the flow'rs,
Or heifer ſtraying careleſs through the field
Beat off the dew, and bruiſe the riſing graſs.
Far from the hives the ſpotted lizards drive,
Woodpeckers too and other birds, but chief
The twitt'ring ſwallow with her blood-ſtain'd breaſt.
For wide around they waſte, and in their mouth
They ſeize the flying bees, and bear away
The food delicious to their cruel neſts.

Let cryſtal fountains and pools green with moſs
Be near, and a ſmall rill run through the graſs:
The entrance let a palm, or ſpreading olive wild
O'erſhade, that, by new kings when the firſt ſwarms

In their own ſpring are led, and from the hives
Sent forth the youth diſport, the neighb'ring bank
May from the heat invite them to retire,
And in its leafy hoſpitable ſhade
Of branches thick the obvious tree may hold.

Whether the water be inert, or flow,
Full in the midſt throw willow-twigs acroſs
And heavy ſtones: that as on bridges they
May often reſt, and to the ſummer ſun
Expand their wings; if an impetuous blaſt
The loiterers have ſcatter'd, or immers'd.
Plant lavender around and fragrant thyme,
And plenty of ſtrong-ſmelling ſavory,
And let the violets drink th' irriguous ſpring.

Whether of hollow'd bark together ſew'd,
Or ſlender wicker form'd, let all your hives
Have narrow adits: for bleak winter's cold
Congeals the honey, and the heat diſſolves:

The force of each alike is to be fear'd
By bees: nor is it fruitleſs labour when
They ſmear the ſlender holes with wax, and fill
Each chink about the hives with herbs and flow'rs,
And for this uſe preſerve collected glue
Than birdlime clammier or Idaean pitch.
Oft too they underground have built their houſe,
(If Fame ſay true) and in the inmoſt part
Of hollow pumice-ſtones been often found,
And in the cavities of aged trees.

But plaiſter thou the leaky hives and dawb
With mud around, and thinly ſtrew with leaves.
Nor near the hives permit the yew to grow,
Nor in the fire burn red'ning crabs*: nor truſt

* If the crabs were deſigned to be eaten, this caution muſt appear rather ſingular: but Mr. Martyn informs us, that "it was cuſtomary among the "Romans to burn crabs to aſhes, which were eſteemed a good remedy for "burns and ſcalds." It may hence be preſumed, that they burnt them in conſiderable quantities and *in the open air*, perhaps in ſomething like a kiln: for if a few only were dreſſed for food *in the houſe*, we cannot ſuppoſe they could be very offenſive to the bees.

Near

Near a deep pool your buſy ſwarms: or where
The ſmell of mud's offenſive to them, or
Where concave rocks reſound, and of the voice
Th' awaken'd echo ſends the image back.

To other climes* when now the golden ſun
Has driven winter, and the vernal light
Of heav'n diſclos'd: immediately the bees
Range through the woods and foreſt-glades, and crop
The purple flow'rs, and of the running ſtreams
The ſurface lightly ſip. From thence refreſh'd
I know not with what ſweetneſs and delight
Their young they cheriſh and conſtruct their neſts:
From hence with art the recent wax they forge,
And form tenacious honey. When you ſee
The ſwarm aloft, emitted from the hives,
Swim through the air of ſummer's liquid noon,
And by the wind a cloud obſcure convey'd;
Obſerve: the limpid brooks and leafy boughs
They always ſeek: here ſprinkle ſcents preſcrib'd,

* Virgil says sub terras, under ground, but I have taken the Liberty to correct his false Philosophy.

Bruis'd balm, and honey-wort's* ignoble herb:
And make a tinkling noiſe and cymbals ſhake
Of Cybele the mother of the gods.
On ſeats thus medicated they will light,
And in the inmoſt cells themſelves they'll hide.

But if to battle they go out (for oft
Two rival kings foul diſcord agitates)
You may foreſee the vulgar minds inflam'd,
And how their hearts beat eagerly for war:
Hoarſe martial muſic does the loit'rers chide,
And through the crowded hive a voice is heard
That imitates the trumpet's broken ſounds.
Then they aſſemble haſtily, and ſhake
Their trembling wings, and with their beaks they whet
Their pointed ſtings, and fit their little claws,

* See a minute deſcription and print of this herb in Martyn's Tranſlation of Virgil's Georgics, pages 407 and 408, Oct. edit. This plant (if I might venture a conjecture) is the harebel, and bears a blue flower in the form of a bell, containing a ſweet juice like honey, which the bees are very fond of. The Harebel is the wild Hyacinth and is in ſome Places a very common Flower: therefore agrees with And the Poets Epithet ignobile.

And round their king and at the royal tent
They throng, and with loud noiſe invite the foe.
Therefore when ſpring ſerene and cloudleſs ſkies
Appear, they ſally forth: they fight: a ſound
Is made aloft in air: mix'd they collect
Into a mighty globe, and headlong drop:
Not thicker from the air the rattling hail,
Nor from the ſhaken oak the acorns fall.
Amid the troops, diſtinguiſh'd by their wings,
The kings within their little bodies ſcarce
Their mighty ſouls reſtrain; firmly reſolv'd,
In obſtinate encounter, not to yield,
Till the proud victor theſe or thoſe ſhall force
To turn their backs in ignominious flight.
Theſe warlike motions and contentions dire
A little caſt of duſt will ſoon compoſe.
But after you both kings ſhall have recall'd
From battle: which of them ſhall ſeem the worſt,
Him, leſt the prodigal ſhould waſte your ſtore,
Deſtroy: ſuffer the beſt to reign alone

Within

Within the palace from his rival freed.
One will be bright and ſpotted o'er with gold:
(Two kinds there are) this better and adorn'd
With ruddy ſcales, excels in beauty; that,
Horrid with ſloth, drags his broad paunch along.
As diff'rent are the faces of their kings,
So are the bodies of the populace:
For ſome are cover'd o'er with dirt and filth,
As is the traveller when he returns
From duſty roads, and parch'd with raging thirſt
From his dry mouth ſpits out th' annoying grit:
Some ſhine and gliſten with the brighteſt hues,
Their bodies mark'd with equal ſpecks of gold.
This kind is beſt: hence at the ſtated time
Sweet honey you will preſs: nor only ſweet,
But pure, and fit wine's harſhneſs to ſubdue.

But when the ſwarms fly roving through the air,
And ſport abroad neglectful of their home,
Contemn their combs, and leave the frigid hives,

Their fickle minds from the vain ſport recall.
Nor is the labour great: pluck the kings' wings:
Whilſt they remain, no one will dare to make
Excurſions through the air, or move their camp.

Let gardens breathing ſweets from ſaffron flow'rs
Invite them: and, from thieves and birds the guard,
Priapus, with his willow ſcythe, defend.
Let him, who makes ſuch things his care, himſelf,
Down from the lofty mountains bringing thyme
And pine-trees, plant them wide around the hives:
His own hand let him bruiſe with labour hard,
Himſelf the fruitful plants fix in the ground,
And water frequently with friendly ſhow'rs.

And now unleſs my work were nearly done,
Were I not ſtriking ſail, and to the ſhore
Haſting to turn my bark's advent'rous prow;
Perhaps I here the culture might deſcribe
That fertile garden-plots would moſt adorn,

And twice a year how Paeſtan roſes blow:
How ſuccory and parſley joy to drink
The purling rill and edge the fountain round;
And how upon its tendrils writhing creeps
The ſwelling cucumber: nor ſilent I
Would here have paſs'd the ſlow-unfolding flow'rs
Of the narciſſus, and the flexile ſtalk
Of bearsfoot, ivy pale, and myrtles green.

For underneath Oebalia's lofty tow'rs,
Where black Galeſus wets the yellow meads,
I've ſeen an old Corycian; who poſſeſs'd
A few neglected acres: neither fit
For corn, for paſture, nor the tender vine.
Yet planting pot-herbs thinly in this ſpot,
Which brambles hitherto had cover'd o'er,
With lilies, vervain, poppies ſcatter'd round,
He equall'd in his mind the wealth of kings;
And late returning home his table ſpread
With unbought dainties. Firſt in ſpring the roſe

He gather'd fragrant, and in autumn fruits:
When winter ſad ev'n ſplit the ſtones with froſt,
And ſtopp'd the courſe of rivers with the ice,
The ſoft acanthus' leaves he then retrench'd,
Chiding ſlow ſummer, and the ling'ring gales
Of zephyrs bland. He firſt in fruitful bees
Abounded, and in num'rous buſy ſwarms,
And from their combs the frothy honey preſs'd:
Lindens he had, and in abundance pines:
As many bloſſoms as the fertile tree
In ſpring produc'd, ſo many apples hung
Ripe on the boughs in autumn. He in rows
Tranſplanted far-grown * elms and pear-trees hard,
And thorns which bear ev'n now the gloſſy plum,
And plane-tree now affording grateful ſhade
To thoſe who drink beneath it. But confin'd
In narrow ſpace theſe things I wave, and leave
To other bards hereafter to deſcribe.

* According to Mr. Martyn, "the poet plainly deſigns to expreſs the "great ſkill of his old acquaintance in removing large trees." See his Tranſlat. page 424, Oct. Edit.

Now I'll declare the properties which Jove
Himſelf beſtow'd on the induſtrious bees:
For what reward they follow'd the loud ſounds
Of the Curetes' cymbals, when they fed
Heav'n's infant king in the Dictaean cave.
Of all the animals the bees alone
Have ſons in common, and in cities live
Obedient to wiſe laws: and only they
Know their own country and a certain home.
Of coming winter mindful, they purſue
Their labour in the ſummer, and lay up
For common uſe what they have thus acquir'd.
With watchful care ſome o'er their food preſide,
And in the meadows toil, ſo wills the law:
Within the cloſe receſſes of the hives
Some lay the firſt foundations of their combs,
Narciſſus' tears and viſcous glue from bark.
The ſticky wax they then aloft ſuſpend:
Some educate the young, the nation's hope:
Others condenſe the honey when refin'd,

And all their cells with liquid nectar fill.
Some at the city-gates their lot has fix'd:
By turns they ſpeculate the rain and clouds,
Or from the weary bees their loads receive,
Or from the hives, form'd in a troop combin'd,
The drones, a lazy inſect, drive away.
The work grows warm, and, redolent of thyme,
The fragrant honey caſts an odour round.

As when the Cyclops haſten to prepare
From ſoften'd maſſes thunderbolts for Jove:
Some blow the bellows: others in the lake
The hiſſing braſs immerſe: Mount Etna groans
Beneath th' impoſed anvils: they uplift
Their ſinewy arms in concert with great ſtrength,
And with tenacious tongs the iron turn.

So (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
The love innate of hoarding honey prompts
The Attic bees, each in his ſep'rate truſt.

The ſeniors make the hives their care, and guard
The combs, and form with art Daedalean cells.
But late at night the younger ones return
Weary with toil, their legs with thyme diſtent:
They here and there on verdant willows feed,
On ſaffron, lavender, and flow'ring ſhrubs,
On lime-trees, and on duſky hyacinths*.
The reſt from labour is the ſame to all,
To all the hours of work. When morn appears
Out of the gates they ruſh without delay:
Again, from paſture when the evening ſtar
Has warn'd them to retire, the hives they ſeek;
Then they refreſh their bodies, then they make
A drowſy hum, and buzz about the doors.
When on their beds they have themſelves compos'd,
An awful ſilence reigns throughout the night,

* See Martyn's note on *ferrugineos hyacinthos* in his Tranſlation of the Georgics from page 430 to 433, Oct. Edit. where he has exhibited a print of the *hyacinthus poeticus*; which, according to him, is the flower we call martagon, known alſo by the name of the inverted lily or Turk's cap.

And balmy ſleep their weary limbs invades.
Nor do they venture far when rain impends,
Or truſt the air when Eurus' blaſts prevail:
But water ſafe beneath the city-walls,
And ſhort excurſions try: and often ſtones,
As ſhips unſteady on the ſtormy wave
Take ballaſt in, they cautious carry out:
With theſe themſelves they balance through the clouds.

But 'twill excite your wonder, that the bees
Neither in ſoft connubial joys indulge,
Nor in fair Venus' arms their nerves unſtring,
Or with maternal pains their young produce:
But from ſweet leaves and fragrant flow'rs collect
Their children with their mouth: themſelves ſupply
Their monarchs and their little citizens:
And build them palaces and waxen realms.

Oft too in wand'ring on the rocks they tear
Their tender wings, and willingly give up

Their lives beneath their load: ſo great their love
Of flow'rs, for making honey ſuch their zeal.
Therefore although a narrow term of life
Awaits them (for they live but ſeven years)
Yet does their race remain immortal, and
For many years their houſe's fortune ſtands,
And a long anceſtry is number'd o'er.

No eaſtern vaſſals ſo revere their king.
When he is ſafe, reigns unanimity;
On his demiſe, the compact they diſſolve:
Themſelves th' accumulated honey ſeize,
And the whole ſtructure of their combs deſtroy.
He o'er their works preſides, him they admire,
Him with a murmur deep they all ſurround,
They throng about him, on their ſhoulders oft
They lift, for him their bodies oft expoſe
In war, and ſeek through wounds a glorious death.

Some from theſe ſigns, by theſe examples led,
Have ſaid, that bees a portion all poſſeſs
Of the eternal mind, and heav'nly ſouls:
For God the univerſal frame pervades,
Both earth, and ocean's tracts, and heav'n profound.
Hence flocks, herds, men, wild beaſts, and whatſoe'er,
Creatures when born draw in their vital breath.
For hither all things do at length return,
And when diſſolv'd to him are reconvey'd: ×
Nor is there place for death; but all alive
Fly to their own congenial ſtars, and mount
The lofty heav'n, from whence at firſt they came.

If you at any time the narrow hive
Would open, and the treaſur'd honey ſeize;
Firſt from your mouth a draught of water ſpirt,
And drive the bees away with clouds of ſmoke.

Th' induſtrious peaſants rifle twice a year
The loaded combs, two honey-harveſts reap.

Soon

× Εξ ἑνὸς τὰ πάντα γενέσθαι, καὶ εἰς ταὐτὸν ἀναλυέσθαι.
Diog. Laert.
all things are made of one, and that into this one they are again all resolved.

Soon as the vernal Pleiad to the earth
Her face has ſhewn, and ſpurn'd the ocean's ſtreams:
Or, flying from the watry fiſh's ſtar,
From heav'n deſcends into the wintry waves.

Wrath above meaſure in the bees reſides;
Into their punctures, when provok'd, they dart
Infuſed venom, leave their hidden ſtings
Fix'd in the veins, and die whene'er they wound.

If for your bees you dread the winter cold,
And for the future ſpare, and pity take
On their dejected minds and ruin'd ſtate;
Yet who would doubt to fumigate them well
With thyme, and the ſuperfluous wax reſcind?
For oft the combs the hidden eft has gnaw'd,
With beetles ſhunning light the hive is fill'd,
And lazy drone that ſits at others' food,
Or the fierce waſp has with unequal arms
Mix'd with the bees, or the dread race of moths,

Or ſpider, hateful to Minerva, has
Suſpended at their doors her ſlender web.

By how much more exhauſted they have been,
So much more diligently all contend
To patch the ruins of the lapſed ſtate,
And fill the cells and weave with flow'rs the combs.

But if (for life has likewiſe to the bees
Brought our caſualties) with ſome ſad diſeaſe
Their bodies languiſh, by undoubted ſigns
You ſoon may know it: inſtantly the ſick
A diff'rent hue diſcloſe: thin ghaſtly looks
Their countenance deform: they then bring out
Their dead, and ſolemn fun'ral rites perform:
Or at the entrance by their feet they hang,
Or all ſhut up within the hives remain,
With hunger faint, and ſtiff with pinching cold.
Obſcurer ſounds and whiſpers then are heard:
As gentle breezes murmur through the woods,

With ebbing waves as ſounds the troubled ſea,
As hiſſes fire ſhut up in furnaces.
When this ſhall happen, I adviſe to burn
Galbanean odours, and through reeden pipes
To pour in honey, both encouraging
And kindly calling to their wonted food
The languid bees. 'Twill profit too to mix
The juice of pounded gall and roſes dry'd,
Or new wine thicken'd o'er a gentle fire,
And raiſins gather'd from the Pſythian vine,
And thyme, and ſtrongly-ſmelling centaury.

There is a flow'r that in the meadows grows,
Which ploughmen name Amellus*, and the plant
Is eaſy to be found. For from one root
It ſhoots a wood of ſtalks. Golden itſelf:
But in the leaves, which numerous around

* See Mr. Martyn's deſcription and print of this flower in his Tranſlation of the Georgics, pages 450, 451. Oct. Ed. It is generally believed to be the *aſter Atticus*.

Are

Are ſpread, glimmers the vi'let's purple deep.
The altars of the gods are oft adorn'd
With wreaths, wherein this lovely flow'r's entwin'd.
Sharp in the mouth its taſte: in the ſhorn vales
The ſhepherds gather it, and on the banks
Of Mella's winding ſtream. Boil roots of this
In wine perfum'd, and for the famiſh'd ſwarms
As food in baſkets place before the hives.

But if the whole race ſuddenly ſhould fail,
Nor th' owner have whence to renew his ſtock;
Then is the time the memorable art
Of the Arcadian maſter to diſcloſe,
And how the putrid blood of bullocks ſlain
Bees oft produc'd. Up to its origin
Tracing the fact, the fame I will relate.

For where Canopus' happy nation dwells
Bord'ring on ſtagnate Nile's o'erflowing ſtream,
And round their fields in painted gallies ſail;

And where the quiver'd Perſian's neighbourhood
Preſſes upon, and with its ſable mud
Enriches verdant Egypt's fruitful plains;
And where the river that flows down as far
As from the ſwarthy-colour'd Indians,
Ruſhing along through ſeven diff'rent mouths
Into the ſea its waters diſembogues;
The region all in this one art alone
Places its confidence of ſure relief.

Firſt, for this uſe a ſmall, contracted ſpot
Is choſen: this with ſtraiten'd roof and walls
They cover and confine: then careful add
Four ſlanting windows giving light oblique
From the four winds. Then a young ſteer is ſought,
Now puſhing with his horns of two years growth:
Whoſe noſtrils both and mouth, though ſtruggling much,
Are ſtopt; and, when with blows the beaſt is ſlain,
His entrails rot within the untorn ſkin.
They leave him thus ſhut up: and ſtrew beneath

His ribs, boughs, thyme, and recent lavender.
This ſhould be done, when vernal breezes firſt
Wrinkle the waters, ere the meadows bluſh
With new-blown flow'rs of various tints, before
The twitt'ring ſwallow builds her hanging neſt.
Meanwhile within the bones the moiſture warm
Ferments: and creatures wondrous to behold
Are mix'd together, firſt devoid of feet,
Then buzzing with their wings, and more and more
Attempting in the air themſelves to lift:
'Till, like a ſhow'r that from the ſummer clouds
In large effuſion falls, they fly in ſwarms:
Or as the arrows from the bowſtring driv'n,
When the light Parthians firſt attack the foe.

What god, ye muſes, did this art invent
For our advantage? From whoſe experience
Firſt among men was this new ſcience known?

The ſhepherd Ariſtaeus, flying from
Peneïan Tempe, having loſt his bees,
As Fame reports, by famine and diſeaſe,
Sad at the river's ſacred ſource he ſtood,
Complaining much: and in theſe words addreſt
His parent. Of this cryſtal fount, O thou,
Who at the bottom dwell'ſt, Cyrene, why,
O mother, with the fates averſe didſt thou
E'er bring me forth from heav'n's illuſtrious race,
If, as thou ſayſt, Apollo be my ſire?
Oh! where is thy affection from me fled?
Why didſt thou bid me hope a ſeat in heav'n?
When lo! the comforts of this mortal life,
Which all my diligence could ſcarce procure,
(Though fruits and herds and ev'ry thing I try'd)
I loſe, yet, cruel thou my mother art.
With thy own hand my fertile woods uproot:
Into my ſtalls the hoſtile fire convey,
And kill the harveſts: burn the ſpringing corn,

And exerciſe the axe among my vines,
If for my fame thou haſt ſo ſmall regard.

His mother from the river's deepeſt bed
Perceiv'd a voice: her nymphs around her ſpun
Mileſian wool, with hue cerulean ting'd:
Drymo, and Xantho, and Ligea loud,
And fair Phyllodoce, their ſhining hair
Diffus'd in ringlets o'er their ſnowy necks;
Neſaee, Spio, and Thalia gay,
Cymodoce, Cydippe, and Lycorias;
The one a virgin, and the other then
The pains of childbirth firſt experienc'd had;
And Clio, and her ſiſter Beroë,
Both Ocean's daughters, both in gold array'd,
And variegated ſkins; and Ephyre,
And Opis, and Aſian Deiopeia;
And Arethuſa, once of Dian's train,
For ſwiftneſs fam'd, her arrows now laid down.
'Mong theſe fair Clymene the fruitleſs care

Of

Of Vulcan told, and Mars's wiles and thefts,
And from old Chaos number'd o'er the loves,
The frequent loves of all the deities.

Charm'd with the ſong, whilſt from the ſpindles they
Wind off the tender wool, again the moan
Of Ariſtaeus ſtruck his mother's ears,
And from their glaſſy ſeats they all roſe up
Amazed: but before her ſiſter nymphs
Fair Arethuſa looking rear'd her head
Above the water's ſurface, and from far
Exclaim'd: ſiſter Cyrene, not in vain
Alarm'd with ſuch a groan; thy greateſt care,
Sad Ariſtaeus ſtands diſſolv'd in tears
On Peneus' banks his own paternal ſtream,
And thee his cruel mother calls by name.
To her replies Cyrene, ſeiz'd with fear,
Conduct him to us; he may be allow'd
To enter into theſe divine abodes.
Forthwith ſhe bids the deep broad ſtream divide,

And ope a paſſage for the youth to tread:
But like a mountain huge the curled wave
Around him ſtood, and in its boſom took
And underneath the flood admitted ſafe.
And now his mother's houſe, and humid realms,
And lakes ſhut up in caves, and ſounding groves,
Admiring, he advanc'd; aſtoniſhed
At the great motion of the rolling waves;
Beneath the ſpacious earth the rivers all
Flowing from parts diſtinct he view'd around,
Phaſis and Lycus, and the copious ſpring
Whence deep Enipeus burſts, ſerenely whence
Flows father Tiber, and whence Anio's flood,
And Hypanis reſounding among rocks,
Myſian Caïcus, and with gilded horns *
Majeſtic grac'd and taurine countenance *

Eridanus,

** "As the patriarch (Noah) was eſteemed the great deity of the ſea, and "repreſented under the ſemblance of a bull, or with the head of that animal; "we find this circumſtance continually alluded to by the poets, and my- "thologiſts of Greece. Euripides in particular ſpeaks of the ocean under

 "this

Eridanus, than which no other ſtream
Through cultur'd fields with more rapidity
Into the azure ſea its water pours.

When he had reach'd the hanging chambers form'd
Within the rock, and her ſon's fruitleſs grief
Cyrene knew: her ſiſters each in turn
With their fair hands the cryſtal water give,
And napkins of the fineſt texture bring.
Some load with food the tables, others place
Full cups: with ſcented wood the altars ſmoke.
His mother then. Take goblets fill'd with wine,
And to old Ocean in libations pour.
At once ſhe prays to Ocean, parent he
Of all things, and the ſiſter nymphs who haunt
The ſhady woods and live in running ſtreams.
Thrice ſhe with liquid nectar quench'd the fire,

" this character. And as all rivers were looked upon as the children of the " ocean, they likewiſe were repreſented in the ſame manner." See Bryant's Analyſis of Antient Mythology, vol. 2, page 438. Milton has adopted this Epithet in his Paradise Lost, B. 11. v. 831. Push'd by the horned flood &c. Thrice So Homer ſpeaking of Scamander, μεμυκὼς ἠΰτε ταῦρος. Strabo

Thrice to the roof blaz'd the rekindled flame.
With which good omen chear'd, ſhe thus began:
In the Carpathian bay a prophet lives,
Cerulean Proteus, who on fiſhes rides,
And in a car by two-legg'd horſes drawn,
Meaſures the wide-extended watry plain.
He now Pallene and Emathia's port
Reviſits; him both we ſea-nymphs adore,
And Nereus old: all things the prophet knows,
Which are, which were, and which are yet to come.
For ſo to Neptune it ſeem'd good: whoſe herds
And ſea-calves vile beneath the ſea he feeds.
You firſt, my ſon, muſt bind him faſt with chains,
That he may tell the cauſe of the diſeaſe,
And favour the event. For without force
No counſel will he give, nor will you e'er prevail
By ſoft intreaty: him when you have ſeiz'd,
Exert your ſtrength, and o'er him throw your chains:
'Gainſt theſe at length his wiles will uſeleſs prove.

I, when

Strabo accounts for this extraordinary Epithet thus: Ταύριον μὲν ἐοικότα λεγεσθαι τὸν Ἀχελῶον φασὶ, καθάπερ καὶ τοὺς ἄλλους ποταμοὺς, ἀπό τε τῶν ἠχων, καὶ τῶν κατὰ τὰ ῥεῖθρα καμπῶν, ἃς καλοῦσι κέρατα.

I, when the ſun has fir'd the torrid noon,
When the graſs withers, and to cattle ſhade
More grateful is; into his ſecret haunts,
Where from the waves when weary he retires,
Myſelf will lead you; that with greater eaſe
You may attack him as he lies aſleep.
When you have bound him, and in chains ſhall hold;
Then various forms of beaſts your ſight will cheat.
For ſuddenly a frightful boar he'll be,
A ſcaly dragon, and a tiger fierce,
And with her yellow neck a lioneſs:
Or with ſharp ſound will burſt into a flame,
And ſo eſcape your fetters, or diſſolv'd
In flowing waters try to ſlip away.
By how much more into all forms he'll turn;
So much the more, my ſon, his ſhackles ſtrain:
'Till, chang'd his body, ſuch he ſhall appear,
As you beheld him when ſleep clos'd his eyes.

This ſaid, ambroſial odours ſhe diffus'd,
With which ſhe rubb'd her ſon's whole body o'er;
From his anointed hair breathed ſweet perfume,
And to his limbs convenient vigour came.

Within the excavated mountain's ſide
There is a ſpacious cave; where many waves
Are driven by the wind, and there divide
Into ſhort, broken ſurges; ſometimes this
To mariners a ſafe aſylum proves
When tempeſt-caught. Proteus within retires
And hides himſelf behind th' oppoſing rock.

Here in the cave averſe from light the nymph
Places the youth, herſelf at diſtance ſtands
Involv'd in clouds. The rapid Dog-ſtar now,
Scorching the thirſty Indians, blaz'd in heav'n,
And the meridian ſun ſhed heat extreme:
The herbs were parch'd, and the deep ſtreams his rays
Scorch'd to the bottom and their channels dry'd:

When

When Proteus * ſeeking his accuſtom'd cave
Roſe from the ſea: round him the humid race
Of the vaſt ocean leaping, wide diſpers'd
The bitter ſpray. The ſea-calves on the ſhore
In diff'rent places lay them down to ſleep.
He (as a herdſman ſometimes on the hills,
When Veſper calls the calves from paſture home,
And the lambs whet the hunger of the wolves
With conſtant bleatings) ſits upon a rock
Amidſt the herd, and counts their number o'er.
To Ariſtaeus now ſince pow'r was giv'n;
Scarce did he ſuffer Proteus to compoſe
His weary limbs, but ruſh'd with mighty noiſe,

* By this ſingular deity the ancient mythologiſts ſuggeſted *that original matter, which is the receptacle of forms*; and *Lord Verulam* thus explains the allegory—" under the perſon of *Proteus* is ſignified *Matter*, the moſt ancient " of all things, next to the deity. The herd of Proteus ſeems to be nothing " elſe, than the ordinary ſpecies of animals, of plants, and of metals, into " which matter appears to diffuſe itſelf, and as it were to conſume; ſo that " after it has formed and finiſhed thoſe ſeveral ſpecies (its taſk being in a " manner complete) it appears to ſleep and be at reſt, nor to labour at, at- " tempt, or prepare any ſpecies farther." De Sapientiâ Vet. c. 13. See Harris's Philoſophical Arrangements, pages 81, 82, 83.

And ſeiz'd him ſleeping and in ſhackles bound.
He, not unmindful of his art, himſelf
Into variety of ſhapes transforms,
Devouring fire, wild beaſts, and flowing ſtreams.
But when no fraud could his eſcape effect
He, overcome, into his proper form
Returns, and ſpake at length with human voice.
Audacious youth, who bad thee to approach
My dwelling? Or what ſeekeſt thou? he cry'd.

The youth replies, O Proteus, well thou know'ſt,
For no man can deceive thee. But do thou
Give o'er deceiving me. I hither come,
Purſuant to the precepts of the gods,
To aſk the oracle what may retrieve
My ruin'd fortune. Nothing more he ſpoke.
To this the prophet, rolling with much force
His fiery, azure eyes, and with his teeth
Gnaſhing aloud, thus from the fates pronounc'd.
Some angry deity thy ſteps purſues;

Thou ſuffereſt for heinous crimes: Orpheus,
Unmeritedly wretched, imprecates
Thy puniſhment, (unleſs the fates withſtand)
And fiercely rages for his conſort loſt.
She, whilſt from thee precipitant ſhe fled
Along the verdant margin of the ſtream,
A monſtrous water-ſnake before her feet
In the tall graſs the dying maid ne'er ſaw.
The Dryads her companions fill'd the hills
With lamentations loud: Mount Rhodope,
Pangaeus high, and Rheſus' warlike realm,
The Getae, Hebrus, and the Attic nymph *,
Deplor'd her loſs. He with his tuneful lyre
Soothing his am'rous grief, the ſhore along
Alone, forlorn, thee, charming conſort, thee
At early dawn, thee in the eve he ſung.
He enter'd alſo the Taenarian caves,

* Orithyia, daughter of Erictheus king of Athens and favourite miſtreſs of Boreas, who carried her from Athens into Thrace, where Virgil places the ſcene of this ~~tranſlation~~ *tranſaction*.

Which

Which lead to Pluto's realms, and dreary grove
Obſcure with fearful darkneſs, and approach'd
Th' infernal ghoſts and their tremendous king,
Whoſe flinty hearts no human pray'rs can move.
But the thin ſhades and forms of life bereft,
Charm'd with his ſong, from the profoundeſt ſeats
Of Erebus advanc'd and round him throng'd;
Num'rous as birds that fly into the woods,
When rain or evening drives them from the hills:
Matrons and men and heroes void of life,
Boys and unmarry'd girls, and youths outſtretch'd
On fun'ral piles before their parents' eyes,
Whom the black mud and ſqualid reed and ſtream
Of ſlow Cocytus bounds, and hateful Styx,
Through its nine channels flowing, hems them in.
Th' infernal manſions all, and deepeſt hell,
And the three furies with their ſnaky hair,
Aſtoniſh'd heard; and three-mouth'd Cerberus
Wide-gaping liſten'd, with attention mute;
And of Ixion's wheel the rolling orbit ſtopt.

And now returning he had quite eſcap'd
All danger; and Eurydice reſtor'd
Was coming to the upper air again,
Following behind; for Proſerpine had fix'd
This hard condition: when th' incautious youth
A ſudden madneſs ſeiz'd, which might indeed
Be pardon'd, could th' infernal gods forgive.
He ſtopp'd, and to the confines now advanc'd
Of upper light, unmindful, and alas!
Impatient, on Eurydice he ~~look'd~~ gaz'd:
There all his toil was loſt, and cov'nant broke
Of the remorſeleſs tyrant, and aloud
Thrice in Avernus' lake was thunder heard.
What fatal fury, Orpheus, ſhe exclaim'd,
Has ruin'd both thyſelf and me forlorn?
Lo! now the cruel Siſters call me back,
And ſleep once more cloſes my ſwimming eyes.
And now farewell: with darkneſs compaſs'd round
I'm dragg'd away, ſtretching in vain to thee
My feeble hands, alas! no longer thine!

She

She ſaid, and ſudden vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Like ſmoke in yielding air diſpers'd: nor him,
Eagerly catching at her fleeting ſhade,
And vainly wiſhing many things to ſay,
E'er ſaw ſhe more; nor would the ferryman
Of Orcus ſuffer him to croſs again
The intervening flood. What ſhould he do?
Whither betake him, ſince he twice had loſt
His lovely conſort? With what tears or words
Could he now ſoften the infernal gods?
But ſhe, already cold, in Charon's boat
E'en then was wafting o'er the Stygian ſtream.
For ſev'n ſucceſſive months, they ſay, he wept
Beneath th' aërial rock, near Strymon's flood,
And in its gelid caves theſe things revolv'd,
Charming to gentleneſs the tigers fell,
And leading with his ſong the ſtubborn oaks.

So Philomela in the poplar ſhade
Mourns her loſt young, whom ſome unfeeling clown

Obſerving, from their neſt unfledg'd has ta'en:
She weeps all night, and ſitting on a bough
Renews her melancholy ſong, and all
The places round with plaintive muſic fills.

His conſtancy nor love, nor marriage ſhook.
Alone the Hyperborean ice, and ſnow
Of Tanais, and the Riphaean hills
With froſt eternal crown'd, he travell'd o'er;
Lamenting ſtill his loſt Eurydice,
And griſly Pluto's unavailing grant.

The Thracian dames, their nuptial offers ſcorn'd,
Among the ſacred rights to Bacchus paid
And his nocturnal orgies ſcatter'd round
The ſpacious fields of Thrace the mangled limbs
Of the unhappy youth. Then too his head,
From his fair ſhoulders torn, whilſt down its ſtream
Into the ſea Oeagrian Hebrus roll'd,
Eurydice his voice and frigid tongue

Repeated, ah! hapleſs Eurydice
He utter'd with his laſt expiring breath:
Eurydice the river's banks reply'd.

Thus Proteus ſaid: and jump'd into the deep,
And where he plung'd, the foaming water whirl'd
Above his head in ſpreading circles wide.
Not ſo Cyrene: but addreſs'd the youth
Trembling with fear: My ſon, ſhake off your grief.
This is the cauſe of the diſeaſe: the nymphs,
With whom ſhe mix'd in ſprightly dance, for her
Your bees have quite deſtroy'd. Suppliant aſk
Their pardon, offer gifts, and thus adore
The placable Napaeans: for they'll grant
Forgiveneſs to your pray'rs, and be appeas'd.
But what the mode of pray'r I'll firſt deſcribe.
Four bulls ſelect the choiceſt of your herd,
Which on the ſummit of Lycaeus graze,
And four fair heifers who ne'er felt the yoke.
For theſe within the temples of the nymphs

Four

Four altars raiſe, pour out the victims' blood,
And in the leafy grove their bodies leave.
When the ninth morning on the earth has dawn'd,
Lethaean poppies offer to the ghoſt
Of Orpheus, and Eurydice adore
With a ſlain calf, and immolate a ſheep
Of darkeſt hue, and to the grove return.

Without delay his mother's precepts he
Immediately obeys, unto the fanes
He goes, and rears the altars as preſcrib'd;
Four bulls the choiceſt of his herd he leads,
And four fair heifers who ne'er felt the yoke.
When the ninth morning on the earth had dawn'd,
He offers ſacrifice to Orpheus' ghoſt,
And to the leafy grove again repairs.
Lo! here a ſudden prodigy he ſees,
Wondrous to tell! bees buzz through ev'ry part
Of the corrupted entrails of the bulls,
Burſt from their ruptur'd ſides, and wide diffuſe

Them-

Themſelves in clouds immenſe; now on the trees
Settle in ſwarms, and from the flexile boughs
Like ripen'd cluſters of the vine depend.

Thus I of lands, of cattle, and of trees
Have ſung the culture due: whilſt Ceſar near
The deep Euphrates thunders, and, around
Victorious, gives the willing people laws,
And treads the road to heav'n. I flouriſh'd then
At ſweet Parthenope, purſuing there
The peaceful ſtudies of inglorious eaſe:
Who tun'd the ſhepherds' lays; and bold in youth,
Sung Tityrus beneath the ſpreading beech.

THE END.

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